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# FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

*Muse and Mirror*, Seattle, merged with *The Frontier*, April, 1932.

Volume XV

SPRING, 1935

Number 3

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FRONTIER AND MIDLAND is a member of the Missoula Chamber of Commerce.





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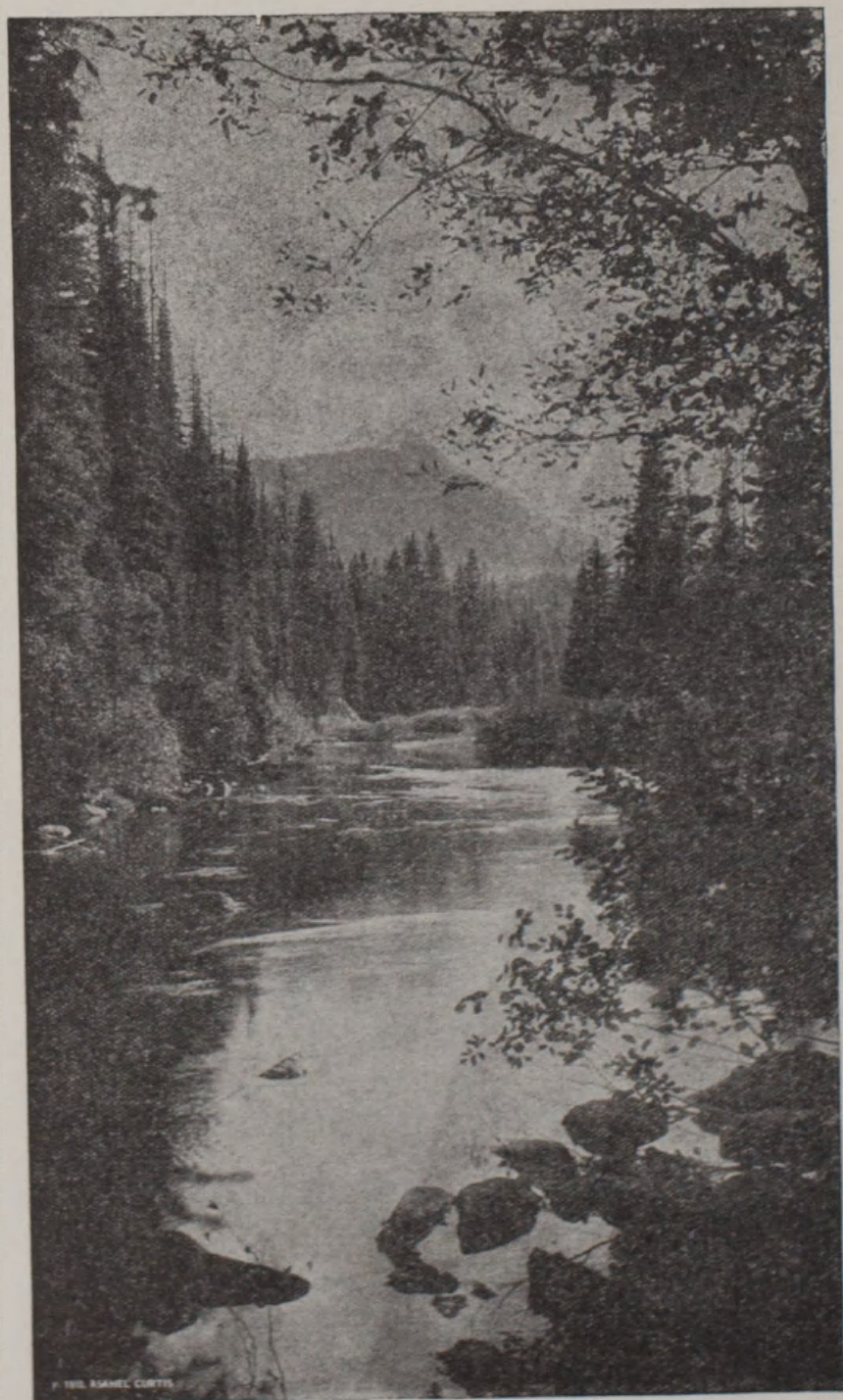
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# YES!

## We're going back to Missoula

By WILLIAM GILTNER



Yes, we're going back. Back to Montana. Back to Missoula—land of the the mountains, the forests, the glorious summer sun. We're going back to the nation's new playland.

We'll set ourselves up in Missoula. Happy Missoula, with small town contentment and large city conveniences. Out there in western Montana where five great valleys converge. In western Montana where the ghostly Mission mountains and the rugged Bitterroots stand out in classic beauty that makes us gasp when we see them. Out there where thirty six trout streams lie within a radius of twenty-five miles of Missoula. And where the mountain foothills form the greatest deer, elk and bear hunting area in the United States.

Yes, we're going back. And we could tell you a hundred reasons why again we are going to sojourn in Missoula, the garden among cities. We could tell you of the long, cool morning walks in the mountain foothills. We could tell you of that glorious freedom we feel when we stand atop a mountain and view this stupendous scenery decked out in summer's most radiant hues. We could tell you of the forests, where pine and tamarack welcome the prodigal.

And we could rave on about Missoula! We could tell you how pleasant the winter weather is—with the snow of the east and the warming winds of the west. We could tell you of the summers—of the fishing, of the entertainments, of the golf courses, of the tennis courts, of the excursions.



We could tell you of the cool winds which sweep from the Pacific coast. And—we could tell you of the fine, up-to-date business houses and their successful fight to keep up with modern improvements.

Do you see why we are going back to Missoula? Did you ever arise early in the morning, eat a hearty western breakfast, deck out in your riding habit or your hiking togs, and spend the morning—or a day—getting back to nature? Did you ever think to yourself, "Ah, never before could there have been a day like this?" For as you walked or rode along by a peaceful countryside, and you took great breaths of fresh morning air, didn't you forget everything but the fact that you were glad to be alive? Did you ever gaze into a stream which casts back at you deep reflections of purple and green and blue? Did you ever cast your line into a mountain stream and feel the tug of a trout? Did you ever feel yourself carried down a stream which washed away all other thoughts and left you refreshed, eager, young?

We have experienced these delights, and that's why we're going back to Missoula. We're going back to the city whose gardens reach from the Hell Gate to the farthest western section of town. Missoula—where oil refineries, mines, shops, lumbering, business establishments thrive. Missoula—where the old western home meets the most modern residence. Missoula—town of industrious, energetic citizens. Missoula—where 4,000 modern homes serve as the residences of 18,000 people. Missoula—where there are 19 churches, 14 grade schools, a large new high school, the State University of Montana, a business district eight blocks long and three blocks wide.





Missoula—center of a great agricultural region, center of a great industrial region, center of a great scenic region, center of a great cultural region.

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Yes, we are going back to Missoula. And we want you to go there with us!



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# LITERARY NEWS

GRACE STONE COATES, Editor

The "little" magazines are still dusting the racketeers—with faint help from the Poetry Society of America. Practices decried sum up to: *Pretense*—pretense that pay-as-you-enter publisher's selections are based on merit when in fact they are based on their contributor's willingness to pay; pretense in preliminary advertising, that conceals the real nature of the pay-as-you-enter venture. Out and out dishonesty includes accepting and not returning advance subscriptions for anthologies never issued. Victims of this racket will be gratified at the results they get if they write the Post Office Department, Washington, the commercial clubs and better business bureaus of the regions where racketeers operate. Naming certain publishers now getting a fanning, the Poetry bulletin, December, says: "The P. S. of A. has taken no stand against these practices, which can be defended, and the harm of which, if any, would seem to reside in the creation of a false impression." No libel suit in that! A later bulletin suggests that such practices do no harm so long as writers pay no attention to them.

ects that ask contributors to subscribe for copies of the books in which their writing is to appear, they are willing to notice *The Alden Book of Verse* and *The Alden*.

Although the editors of *Frontier and Midland* have never approved publishing *proj-Book of Short Stories*, with foreword by F. Dryden Moore, to be published in the autumn of 1935. For each volume there will be prizes of \$100, \$50, and \$25 for the best contributors. Each successful contributor will be asked to purchase three copies at \$2.50 each. If interested, write to Mr. Moore, Alden House, 442 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Courtland W. Matthews of Portland, Oregon, frequent contributor to this magazine, announces the launching of the *Northwest Literary Review* (322 Postal Building, Portland, fifty cents a year). It will "make an effort to communicate enthusiasm for the fresh, vigorous writing" being done in the region; will be a bi-monthly conveyor of literary news. Some titles from the first issue, which is to appear in May, will give an idea of the *Review*: "The Coming Literary Move-

## *The White-Headed Eagle*

JOHN McLOUGHLIN, Builder of an Empire

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Mr. Lewis Mumford writes of the book, in part:

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An anthology of Songs and Chants from the Indians of North America

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**PATH ON THE RAINBOW** is not a mere collection of literary curiosities, but is the intimate thought of whole tribes of primitive people made known through its most personal medium—song—and has remained as the standard work on American Indian Poetry since its first publication. 360 Pages \$2.50

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ment," by Nard Jones, who declares that it is to be staged in the Northwest; "Why Not Try Portland?" by Stewart H. Holbrook, who asks why the fiction writers have overlooked that city; "Poetry and the High School Student," by Eleanor Hansen, herself a writer of fully conceived and molded poems. The Northwest needs just such a journal. It is hoped that readers throughout the region will get behind it. A special subscription offer is to be found in the advertising section of this issue.

Dodd, Mead & Co., in conjunction with *Pictorial Review*, announce their fourth First Novel Contest, \$10,000, Oct. 31, 1935. Edward J. O'Brien (*Best Short Stories*) as associate editor of *Pictorial Review* will select 12 stories of modern trend nationally publicized as "the Story of the Month."

John Long-Doubleday Prize Novel Competition, John Long, Ltd., 35 Paternoster Row, E. C. 4, London, yields a £200 prize for detective or mystery novel, 80,000 words or more, July 1, 1935.

The Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation, 523 H. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, offers annual prizes from \$500 down for original stories and plays for children, entries Oct. 1 to Feb. 1, announcement at Easter time. Inquiries welcomed.

The Metropolitan Press is making an occasion of the publication of Alice Henson Ernst's volume of plays, "*High Country*," giving it an attractive printing and striking and lovely illustrations. This is the first sustained attempt to interpret this region in dramatic material. The editor of *Theatre Arts*, which has published most of Mrs. Ernst's plays, writes a foreword for the book. One play, "The Wooden Wife," was given its first production during the Writers' Conference, Missoula, Montana, last summer. Mrs. Ernst lives in Eugene, Ore.

The Casanova Press issues 325 signed and numbered copies of *The Neurotic Nightingale* by Vardis Fisher—essays: "not the sort of thing that most people like to have said."

A sketch of the life and career of Richard Grant, often designated Captain Grant, who settled on Grant creek near Missoula in 1858-59, by T. C. Elliott of Walla Walla, Wash., appears in a recent Oregon Historical Quarterly. His son was John F. Grant who settled at the present site of Deer Lodge. Another son, Jim, went to the Sun River country.

Short story and poetry prizes totaling \$1,000 are announced in January *Literary America*, 175 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Clifton Fadiman, Harrison Smith, Tess Slesinger, and Irita Van Doren will judge stories; Joseph Auslander, Eda Lou Walton, and Leonora Speyer, poetry.

The tenth annual session of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference will be held under the auspices of Middlebury College, August, 1935. It offers four fellowships to men and women nominated by book publishers or mag-

azine editors, which pay tuition, board, lodging.

The International Mark Twain Society offer \$25, 1,000-word essay: "Mark Twain's Centenary: 1835-1935." July 1, 1935. Address Cyril Clemens, Pres., Webster Groves, Mo.

Houghton Mifflin, 2 Park street, Boston, are offering two literary fellowships, 1935, \$1,000 each, to enable authors to complete projected works.

The Theatre Union announces its annual one-act play competition. 103 West 14 st., N. Y., April 1.

Collegians interested in the seven awards listed by the College Poetry Society of America should address inquiries to Ann Winslow, Sec., 2305 Fulton St., Berkeley, Calif.

Address *The Argonaut*, 544 Market St., San Francisco, for needs and rates. Under new editorial policy it is using one short story each week. Established in 1877, it published Twain, Atherton, Bierce, Bret Harte.

The John Day company has affiliated with Reynal & Hitchcock, with ownerships unchanged. Richard J. Walsh, president of John Day company, will promote both lists.

Tessa Sweazy Webb puts in 44 hours a week in the University of Ohio, and spends her leisure editing an excellent literary column for the Columbus *Sunday Dispatch*. Vardis Fisher (*We Are Betrayed*) has the lead in the Jan. 20 issue, and Annie Pike Greenwood of Denver (*We Sagebrush Folks*) appears.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., under a new editor-in-chief, Burton Rascoe, is revising its demands upward. They are joint publishers with the Caxton Printers, Ltd., of Vardis Fisher. Their new department, Heyday House, directed by Jerome S. Meyer, is devoted to books of wit, humor, games, puzzles, etc. The late Hal G. Evarts' *Wolf Dog* is from their press.

John H. Hopkins & Son, 200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. will expand their output in 1935 with light, wholesome romances.

The *Arizona Historical Review* has been helped out of its financial hole by the University of Arizona and the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society, and has resumed publication, edited by H. A. Hubbard, Tucson, Ariz.

William Rose Benet cites Knopf's spring catalogue as the most interesting he has seen. "Each page is laid out as a separate ad; the copy is short, and it's all snappy and readable." One of Knopf's books, issued Jan. 23, "*The Breathless Moment*," assembles photographs by Philip Van Doren Stern with running comment by Herbert Asbury. Some of the photos have been front page stuff, some too startling for newspaper publicity. Knopf also publishes what is announced as the first complete and authoritative history of the Nazis, "*A History of National Socialism*," by Konrad Heiden.

Mrs. Mary Jester Allen, niece of Col. Cody



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**The University of Minnesota Press**  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

and director of the Buffalo Bill Museum, Cody, Wyo., wants contact with persons having Cody material of any sort, for a book to be issued in 1936.

Edna La Moore Waldo, Bismarck, N. D., author of "Dakota" is writing a human-interest account of steamboating days on the Upper Missouri river, and solicits diaries, clippings, etc.; will give proper credit and return them promptly.

Mrs. Mary Meigs Atwater of Basin, Mont., is the author of a detective story, "Crime in Corn Weather," to be published by Houghton Mifflin this spring. Mr. Andrew Corry, University of Montana, says: "Mrs. Atwater is a distinguished textile artist who not only is consulted by museums here and abroad as to expert points on fabrics old and modern, but weaves herself: last spring in Butte at an exhibit of works of art . . . I saw an exquisite fabric that she wove."

Readers who have enjoyed Laurence Pratt's sonnets in the *Frontier and Midland* will be glad to see the full collection of these realistic pictures of mill town folks in *A Saga of a Paper Mill*, published in February by The Caxton Printers, Ltd.

A feature of the Inland Empire Writers' Conference, Spokane, Wash., Apr. 3-4, will be a short story and poetry contest. Russell A. Bankson, president, Spokane newspaper man and short story writer, wants short-stories and poems not over 50 lines. Prizes are offered, and the *Spokesman-Review* will print the winning story the day after it is announced, and the next two winners the following Sunday. Mr. Bankson is known for his stories of the Old West, and his new book, *The Klondike Nugget*, will be off the press of The Caxton Printers, Ltd., at the time of the conference. The *Spokane Daily Chronicle* will print the three winning poems the day they are announced.

Publication date of *Sanctuary*, a bi-monthly magazine, has been postponed to enable the editor, Jon Edgar Webb, to assemble the kind of material he wants. He knows exactly what that is—not regional, not sectional, of no predetermined social slant—not propagandish. He wants it known that he is not a big-name editor, but sympathetic to the unknown writer who can write. Mr. Webb is a protege of Paul Palmer, new editor of *The American Mercury*. Bernard Gilbert Guernsey, associate editor, will review the quality and "little" magazines in the first issue. Everett Jones is co-editor. Mr. Webb is at work on a novel, *The Grim Wall*, based on first-hand experience in the Ohio State Reformatory, where he found his literary feet while serving a three-year sentence for a first offense.

Cecil Goldbeck, 501 Fifth Ave., N. Y., states that he welcomes manuscripts (short stories, novels) from new talent or established writers who do not want to do their own marketing. No advance charge, and the usual fee on sale.

Thomas Nelson & Sons will bring out Idella Purnell Stone's seventh juvenile this fall: *The Lucky Deer's Eye*, story of a small Indian potter in modern Mexico.

Helen Maring Payne says Franklin Richardson Pierce is not a bit "sot up" over being in *Who's Who*.

Max Miller, lad in Montana, onetime University of Washington student and Seattle newspaper man, visited his home town, Seattle, in January. Henry Tracy, who issues *Readers' News* from 2104 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, says: "To read anything of Max Miller's is to enjoy an interlude from intensity and emotionalism . . . His mission is to redeem the commonplace."

Benjamin Appel's second novel, *Four Roads to Death*, will be published by Knopf this spring.

Old-timers with exciting past experience and no way of cashing in on it might get in touch with Glenn A. Connor, old hand at Westerns, who made Doubleday, Doran's *West* in collaboration with Dr. W. A. Allen, pioneer of Billings, Mont., with Allen's tale of hounds that joined the wolf pack, and received the assurance that *West* could use much more stuff of similar nature.

W. C. Tuttle, ex-Montana cow-puncher, well-established writer of Westerns, will appear in April under Houghton Mifflin's imprint: *Hashknife at Stormy River*.

Mary J. Elmendorf of Seattle is the only "outsider" honored in "Land O' Gold," recent anthology of California poets compiled by J. N. North and published by the Herald-Silhouettes Press of Ontario, Calif. "Two Wives," her volume of selected verse, will be published by the Caxton Printers late in 1935.

Commonwealth College of Mena, Arkansas, announces five avenues of service to the non-commercial writer. Information can be secured from Bob Brown by those interested. The college welcomes copies of "little" magazines.

The first issue of a weekly *Boys' and Girls' Newspaper* has appeared from The Parents' Magazine Affiliated Press, 9 E. 40th St., N. Y. C.

The Salt Lake Tribune, in its efforts to build up a regional of writing, pays nominally for stories by local writers.

Dr. Sophus Winthus of the University of Washington is preparing a critical study of William Faulkner. He spent leisure moments of five years on his study of Eugene O'Neill, published by *Random House*.

Alice Eleanor Lambert, Seattle, is working on her fourth novel, *Pioneer's Return*.

More than a year ago Mrs. Hugh Bullock, 435 E. 52nd St., N. Y. C., began to promote the organization of the Academy of American Poets, well sponsored, in the hope of ultimately providing 8 or 10 annual \$5,000 fellowships to American poets. A membership corporation was formed last November and the financing of the plan has begun.



# THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

*Celebrates Its Tenth Anniversary with  
a Special All-Southern Issue:*

The Profession of Letters in the South, by Allen Tate.

The Grave. **A Story.** By Katharine Anne Porter.

Modern With a Southern Accent, by John Crowe  
Ransom.

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Mister McGregor. **A Story.** By Andrew Nelson Lytle.

Old Catawba, by Thomas Wolfe.

Old Wine in a New Bottle, by John Donald Wade.

Poetry by John Peale Bishop, Allen Tate, Lawrence Lee, Lizette  
Woodworth Reese, Ben Belitt, Katheryn Worth, Elizabeth Madox  
Roberts.

Encaustics for Southerners, by Stark Young.

A Miserable Sinner. **A Story.** By Grace Lumpkin.

Her Own People. **A Story.** By Robert Penn Warren.

The Modern Southern Poet and Tradition, by Cleanth  
Brooks, Jr.

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Mrs. Bullock's husband, a banker, shares his wife's interest in the project and estimates that no award will be made for at least a year.

On April 15, at the Pan American Union in Washington, D. C., the Roerich Treaty for the Protection of Cultural Treasures is to be signed by the Plenipotentiaries of many nations. A banner has been designed by Nicholas Roerich to be unfurled over sites of religious, artistic, scientific or historic importance to symbolize their inviolability in times of war and peace.

Al Schak's *Soul Wounds*, Veterans' Publishers (Missoula, Montana), is the work of a Montanan, one of the youngest A. E. F. veterans; its message is that far greater than financial and material squandering and human mortalities are the "soul wounds," the moral, spiritual wreckage of war.

Mrs. Sara Trousdale Mallory will have a book of verse out from the Caxton Press about April 15, entitled *Mnemonic and Other Verses*. Mrs. Mallory is the wife of Professor L. A. Mallory, head of Public Speaking and Dramatics at the University of Wyoming.

*The Dilettante* of Portland has discontinued publication; its subscription list has been taken over by *Frontier and Midland*.

## COVERED WAGON

BENJAMIN APPEL, frequent and esteemed writer for non-commercial magazines, author of *Brain Guy*, has just completed his second novel. TOM BAIR of Arcata, California, and VIRGINIA MARIAN FERGUSON of San Francisco were represented in our 1934 Autumn Number; H. E. BATES, Kent, England, author of several novels and many short stories, appeared in the May 1934 *Frontier and Midland*.

E. A. BRININSTOOL, co-author of *The Bozeman Trail*, is well known for poems and articles on the West. WITTER BYNNER, poet and playwright nationally liked, and NORMAN MACLEOD (whose latest book of poems is *Horizons of Death*), with FRANK B. LINDEMAN (whose *American*, to single out one of many good books by this Montana author, is "required reading" for everybody) and HELEN MARING of Seattle, musician, artist, writer, editor, lecturer, have appeared in previous issues of this magazine.

MORTON ELIOT FREEDGOOD of Brooklyn and MURRAY GITLIN of Ravinia, Illinois, are here introduced to our readers; Mr. Gitlin's first published story was in the Oct.-Nov. number of the British magazine *New Stories*. BERTRAM GUTHRIE, journalism graduate of the University of Montana, is city editor of the Lexington, Kentucky, *Leader*. ELINOR LENNEN of Los Angeles, treasurer of the League of Western Writers, has published verse in various magazines. ALICE SHEPHERD MARTIN of Camas, Washington, has four hobbies: husband, two youngsters, writing.

GIL MEYNIE is a young Frenchman now in New Mexico. CHARLES BROWN NELSON, for several years catalog editor of the American Art Association, is Iowa-born and U-of-Iowa baccalaureate. ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT, Professor of English at Northwestern University, among his numerous publications includes several poems and stories for this magazine. LORRAINE GRUNDY NUTT lives in Peoria, Illinois.

ALDEN B. STEVENS of New York has spent several years in the Southwest engaged in anthropological work. UPTON TERRELL, remembered for fine stories in this magazine and elsewhere, is author of *Frontier and Midland's* one novel, *Adam Cargo*, now being published between boards by Reilly & Lee of Chicago, publishers of Mr. Terrell's *The Little Dark Man* last autumn. MAUD E. USCHOLD lives in Lacon, Illinois. GERALDINE WOLF of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, is co-author with her husband of a book of poems, *The World, the Flesh, and the Holy Ghosts* (Caxton, 1933).

## VERSE

**Slumber at Noon.** Patrick D. Moreland. Kaleidograph Press, Dallas, 1934. \$1.50.—**Campus Sonnets.** Ernest G. Moll. Metropolitan Press, Portland, 1934.—**On the Wall of Heaven.** Effie Leaton Cahill. Bookfellows, Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, 1934.—**A Basket of Flowers.** R. J. Reith. Stratford Co., Boston, 1934. \$1.00.—**The Poet's Cry for His Beloved.** Guy Henry La Groe. Christopher Publishing House, Boston. \$1.50.—**Books of a Vagabond and Other Verse.** Nathaniel Wilson. Christopher, Boston. \$4.—**Upward Ho!** Frank Fisher Slocomb. Illustrated and compiled by Jeannette Slocomb Edwards. The Driftwind Press, No. Montpelier, Vt., 1934.

Mr. Moreland's first published volume of verse, *Arrow Unspent*, won the seventh annual award of the Poetry Society of Texas. His latest volume, *Slumber at Noon*, won the fourth annual Publication Contest of Kaleidograph, out of 184 entries. His work is characterized by unexpected and delightful rhythms and vigorous imagery. The Metropolitan Press has done a nice piece of work on Mr. Moll's *Campus Sonnets*, and the author's humor and ironic penetration justify the care his publishers have expended on the book. The format of Mrs. Cahill's volume done by the Bookfellows also is pleasing, and her lyrics of the level of good newspaper verse. Mr. Reith's verse, heavily permeated with religious feeling, is not of the quality to make converts. Such work as his, Mr. La Groe's and Mr. Wilson's is significant to the writer and his publisher rather than to any poetry reading public.

Mrs. Edwards' collection of her father's poems carries a fine appreciation of Frank Slocomb by the poet, Edith Mirick. Like all Driftwind books, its format is attractive. *Martinsdale, Montana* Grace Stone Coates



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# FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Vol. XV, No. 3

A MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

Spring, 1935

*"The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact."*

—THOREAU.

## LONG DISTANCE

UPTON TERRELL

**T**HAT'S the way it is there on a spring evening with a lingering sun on the Ruby Mountains and the quiet of the desert making itself felt in the town, and lights beginning to show in the little shacks and a road engine purring over beyond the depot, waiting to hook on to the limited. The saloons are quiet, there aren't any games going, and the men hang along the bars like they don't want any uproar. Tuck said he'd had his supper and he was going across the tracks to see a girl; and I thought I would go out to the airport to watch the Salt Lake plane come in.

"This girl just came from Vegas a few days ago," Tuck said. "I ran into her over at the post office and I said I'd see her."

"You don't have to explain to me," I said.

"We used to be pretty good friends."

"Why not?"

"I don't know," he said, "I didn't know she was in town."

When I came back from the airport I went into the Commercial House and got some supper, and then I went into the bar. Alabama was there in a game with brown chips, and that was big stakes even for Elko. There was a crowd watching and I got through the ring close enough to see the table over a railroad man's shoulder. There were two Chinamen in the game and whenever they played there was a crowd watching.

But they weren't any better than the Italian, only they were more interesting to watch. The little Chink owned a hand laundry and the fat one ran the Eagle Cafe; and the way his fingers handled the cards and chips made you uneasy. His fingers were like talons and they dealt the cards like running water, making the chips slip into place like round smooth petals falling. The faces of the Chinks were like creased yellow rock and in between them Alabama's face looked sad and dark. The cowman sat next to the house man, and he was steamed with liquor so that he slumped a little to one side of his chair trying to see, and he was losing steadily. With brown chips in the game, the house man broke open a new deck every few hands and threw the old deck on the floor behind him.

The two cowboys pushed through the crowd easily and stood behind the cowman's chair until the hand ended. Then one of them tapped him on the shoulder.

"Cash in," he said.

"Come on, get out."

"Get out of here and let me alone," the cowman said.

"We want something left."

They pulled him up and pushed him out through the crowd.

"They come and get him every time he comes in town," the railroad man said. "I guess they've kept his outfit for him a long time. He'd lose it in a week."

I saw Tuck come in, but he went right on upstairs in the hotel. He didn't look at anybody. I let him go, and went over to the bar and got a drink. Then I went outside and walked out to the end of the street to smell the desert.

---

There were a lot of cowboys in Elko the next morning. They'd come down from the Ruby country to take some cattle back. Nearly two hundred cars had unloaded. Tuck and I ate together, and while we were eating he told me the telephone company wanted to hire linemen. He'd gone over that morning and got a job. I knew about that and I'd been thinking about it, but I couldn't make up my mind. I thought I might go to work for one of the cow outfits up north toward the Oregon line; but Tuck kept talking up the telephone company, and I said I would go over and see them. I liked his way of telling me about it. He made it sound better than riding in the desert all summer.

The winter was not entirely gone. There was snow on the Ruby Mountains. The Humboldt River was high. The night air had the feel of frost. But there were pale green patches on the red south slopes where the range grass was breaking through, and small yellow flowers cuddled the warm damp earth. It made you think about getting started at something and I'd had enough of town, laying up all winter in a rooming house in Ogden. My lungs were clogged.

We went outside and stood on the corner, leaning against the hotel. The sun was warm. There was a small sign in the bank building right across the

street from us that kept flicking on and off, \$1.00 OPENS A SAVINGS ACCOUNT.

"That's what you better do," Tuck said.

"What?"

"Open a savings account. The telephone company didn't seem to like it because I didn't have one."

"With a dollar?" I said.

"They won't know how much you have in it."

"I hate to tie up a dollar like that," I said.

The bank was tan stone, seven stories high, and it stood up like a big pine in a forest of kindling wood. It was the only tall and modern building in Elko except the new hotel across the tracks, and that was only three stories high. The bank building made you understand a new age was coming, even to such a place as Elko, and the thought didn't rest well. Elko and Nevada were all that we had left of the old west, and now it was getting buildings like that. I didn't like to think of myself going into it and tossing a dollar on the marble counter. If it wouldn't have mattered to the telephone company, I would rather have given it to the bartender in the Commercial House to keep for me.

The bank building had an elevator in it that resembled a big moving bird cage. It was the only elevator between Ogden and Reno, and it was a sight for the men who came in once a year from the back country. A young girl in a tan uniform operated the elevator. She tried to maintain a metropolitan air, but she couldn't quite make it. Some cowboys with nothing else to do sat on the curb under the elm tree



directly across the street and watched her going up and down beyond the high glass of the entrance.

"They want college boys," Tuck said. "They want to make linemen out of professors."

"I graduated from Harvard and Oxford," I said. "Then I went to Yale to finish up."

"It's funny I never saw you there."

"College men in this cow burg!" I said.

"You've got to talk up. They want go-getters with manners, who go to church regular and write home every day. That's why I got the job."

"I'm as good as hired."

"Maybe I'll see you tonight," he said. "We might go across the tracks. I know a couple of girls."

"I haven't any money for that," I said, and I wondered why he asked me now when he didn't want me with him the night before.

"You don't need to spend any," he said.

The telephone station had a white picket fence around it and a green lawn in front which was bare red clay in spots. The cables dipped down from the poles and ran in one side of the building and out the other side; and they made me think of the lines running clear across the country like that, like echoing veins of the earth which carried the confused voices of all the people crying out to each other, trying to straighten out the mess they had made of life.

The young man inside wore a starched gray shirt and his black tie was precise and his hair was slicked down like inked lines. Everything on his desk was in order, even the pencils

were laid together in an even row; and at a glance you knew that each wire ran right into the very hole intended for it, that the rows of black and red buttons on the switchboards were in perfect lines. While the young man talked to me my eyes hung on a tiny crumpled piece of blue paper some one must have dropped inadvertently on the polished linoleum floor.

"We give you a course in line construction first, then you go out to the camp. We want only young men of good character, you know, good education, go-getters who want a future, stickers looking for promotion. It's waiting. The company is expanding. Who sent you?"

And all the time he was saying that, I was looking at the little piece of blue paper on the floor and wondering how it alone could so upset the ingenious perfection of the place.

"I came all the way from Salt Lake to get this job," I said, and then I knew he was going to hire me and I regretted coming. I felt like something was going to be changed in me, something I didn't want to lose.

"The company wants to see what a man has in his head before they trust him to work on a telephone line that will cost half a million dollars to build. Here are your examinations. Sit down and fill them out."

You know how it is there on a Spring evening. Alabama was in the bar where I had talked with him the evening before, before he got in the stud game with brown chips that was still going when I went to bed at two o'clock.

"Good-evening, sir," he said. "Get it?"

"Get what?" I said.

"The job. I saw you come out just before I went in. It's come to the point where I have no choice."

"They took you last night."

"For three hundred, sir. Nothing to think about. A drink on me, now we'll be workin' together. You don't look like a telephone lineman. Maybe I don't. No offense in that, sir. I see you rolling in a saddle, not on a pole."

"You figure things out, don't you?"

"Maybe the gamblin' does that. Always gambled, you know. My pappy taught me, and Baton Rouge never knew no better than him, sir. But I'm a trained lawyer, too. Yes, sir, Alabama University. You didn't suspect that. A mighty fine school, too. Gentleman's school. You see how it is. You're a rider and now you're a lineman. Well, I'm a lawyer. That's the way of things, sir. It isn't what you have been, it's what you are this very moment that shapes your destiny."

It was dark by the time I had eaten, and I walked out along the street and stepped right from pavement into an undiminishing world of desert. That was the way it was there. You were either in town or in the desert. A rider came in, riding tired and slumped in his saddle. He came out of dark starry space and rode into town along the side of the road. The little horse avoided the pavement, keeping to the narrow gravel shoulder, and I walked along feeling the bare earth under my own feet with satisfaction.

... The little horse was thinking of the livery barn ahead in the confusion of shacks and of the annoying odors it held of strange horses mysteriously gone. There would be peace of mind when he left concrete once more, when

he turned outward again, the desert under foot, its understandable fragrance in his nostrils, its familiar sounds in his ears. . . .

"The town conquers only what it stands on," I said. "The cactus can't push its way through pavement. The clapboards turn back wind and snow. Stoves vanquish cold. But beyond the last shack element and emptiness meet in an unconquered alliance. Why do I want to change and help conquer?"

Then I found Tuck in the Commercial Bar, and we went over across the tracks into the older part of town, made up of squatty Mexican houses, small cheap hotels, gambling houses and joints. They were the last stand of Elko of the boom days and along the old main street the buildings had high false fronts, some of them with old names on them like the Stampede and the Last Chance and the Gold Nugget. Gunmen remained, but their guns were concealed. Dealers were there, but the fancy vests were gone. Incandescent bulbs glowed where once coal oil had flickered. The old bars, solid and polished, looked forlorn, funeral. The best buildings were the joints where the girls were. They had a business which didn't change with time. They were the best buildings, white and green, the most inviting. We went into the Four Leaf Clover where Tuck said he knew the girls.

But he only knew one, and I had suspected that. Her name was Doris and he had known her when he was riding out of Las Vegas for the Seventy-Two's. You had to spend something, so we bought cigars and dropped some nickles in the piano. She came over and sat between us, an arm



around Tuck and he looked unhappy.

She wanted Tuck to dance with her, but he only laughed as if he didn't understand the language. She took my arm and pulled me up, and I saw she had bright dark eyes, not faded like most girls' we knew. Her hair was fresh and smooth and dark, and she smelled good and was soft up against me. She got Tuck to dance and I sat watching them; she kept talking to him while he only looked over her shoulder, and when they came back he was sweating and sat there without talking. She kept her arm around his shoulders and she kept looking at the piano as if she were listening to the music and she tried not to see the big cowboy when he came in, but he saw her. He came across the floor toward her and he was holding his liquor pretty well, although he'd had more than he could carry comfortably. He took her hand and she pulled back long enough to speak to Tuck.

"Don't go," she said. "I'll be back in a minute."

Tuck didn't look at her and I kept looking at him.

"Will you wait?" she said.

"All right," he said, and when they had gone through the door at the other end of the room, he got up. "Let's get out of here," he said.

"You told her you'd wait."

"Why should I?" he said, and we went out and got almost back to the tracks when he talked again, and I knew why he had wanted me to come with him.

"What would you do?" he said.

"She's pretty nice," I said.

"A man can't tie to a girl like that. She used to be that way down in Vegas

and I had to keep out of town. You just can't hurt a girl like that."

"You can hurt that one easy enough," I said.

"You don't get me."

"I get you."

"Well, what would you do?"

"I don't know," I said.

---

The telephone company put up a shack for the training school near the hotel, and the instructor's name was McCleary. He was a friendly little man, always sober, and he had a nipper manner which must have come from years of climbing poles and stringing wires. His efficiency had got him the job. He could teach the thirty of us to build a line costing half a million dollars. Out in California he owned a neat bungalow overlooking San Francisco bay, and he showed us pictures of it. He had brought his wife and daughter with him.

The girl was built like himself, slim and agile, as if she had inherited from him a body influenced by the lithe strength of wires. He drove us with a wearing persistency, never thinking of rest during the eight hours of schooling every day. The shack had rough wooden benches and tables in it, and we worked over them for nearly a week on a foreboding course in first aid, until we all got the idea we were being tricked into preparing for war.

"When do we start target practice?" George said. "And get our bayonets?"

McCleary laughed insinuatingly. "You may think it's war when ice takes a line down some night, or a brush fire cracks off the poles like matches, or when men fall off thirty-

foot cross-arms," he said. "Yes, you might think war was better."

We studied about everything from bandages and splints to mending broken legs, arms, necks and ribs. We learned remedies for sunstroke, snake-bite and frostbite, colds, hernias, bruises and burns.

"What about misery?" said Alabama.

McCleary snapped at him. "You'll learn that from experience." He rubbed his thin nimble hands together. "You're all doing fine. I can send in a good report. That's what counts. Study your handbooks tonight. Safety is paramount, paramount. But you've got to know how to work. Study that wire splicing. You'll get it."

Alabama was the first to the bar at five o'clock when we quit work.

"Dry stuff in there. Dry as that there desert," he said.

"Luck," I said.

"Thank you much, sir," Alabama said. "I wish the same to you, sir. I certainly do. A man has to be careful who he takes up with in a country like this, and between you and me, sir, I'm a particular man. I don't often make mistakes."

"It's my turn now," I said.

We got our spikes, and McCleary showed us how to climb. He moved up and down the poles back of the shacks like a walking frog, and at the top he leaned out and twisted in his safety belt to demonstrate the needlessness of fear. He drew up a cross-arm that was longer than himself and almost as heavy and jiggled it into place, and he drove spikes and set braces at all angles.

Some of us got up ten feet the first day and then most of us shook and slid down, burning our hands and legs. The next day we all got up to the top, except George, and he only went half way when he began to shake and let go. He slid all the way down, driving splinters into his arms and legs. He was big and heavy, and he flushed red, but you could see he was mad. The kid named Herson on the next pole ran up and down like a monkey and did acrobatic stunts on top.

"Natural ability," McCleary said. "Any man who can climb like that on his second day is a natural." Then he yelled up at him. "Come down before you get too smart and break your neck."

George was in the bar when I went in and for the first time he began to talk to me and bought me a drink.

"You climb all right,"

"I got burnt," I said.

"I'll be on fire by tomorrow. That little weasel Herson showing off makes me sick."

"Forget him."

"Come out along the road with me," he said. "I've got a Ford."

We went out to where the main line poles skirted the highway and the railroad, and George got out and began to climb, but he only got halfway up when he began to shake and he came back down. His face was wet and he looked scared.

"You'll make it," I said.

"I'll make a corpse."

"Look here, what were you before?"

"I was only a cowpunch."

"A cowpunch."

"You think I'm yellow."

"I didn't say that."



"I'm not. I made my living riding brones. Then the old lady got me to quit. I got a little ranch, and I guess I'm going back to it, even though it is starvation."

"That's it, then," I said.

"What's it?"

"Who's going to take care of the old lady if you get it."

"Maybe," he said.

"I know that's it. Don't you know we're insured? If you get it, she'll get more than you'll ever make for her. Even if you only get laid up, your wages go on. All this first aid stuff and talk about danger has got you."

"That scissor-bill McCleary don't tell a man nothing," he said.

He spit on his hands and went up to the top and he let go with one hand long enough to wave his hat, but he lost it and nearly slipped out, and just then a car came up and stopped and McCleary got out. He had his wife and girl with him, and he stood staring up at George, and George just stayed on top, and then McCleary got back in his car and drove away. He didn't even look at me.

"There'll be hell for breakfast," George said when he had got down.

"You're sure of a job," I said.

---

That day the truck bobbed along the yellow highway. We went through the hills east of Elko. The Spring sun was hot, and the grass was getting thick on the south sides of the mesas. We went along a high ridge on the wall of a deep valley that had a threadline of road winding across its floor. There were larks singing, and the Ruby Mountains held silver peaks right up against a lilac sky.

It was a long way back in thought to the Lucky Strike and the Four Leaf Clover and the Commercial Bar in the empty country. The truck stopped beside an old passenger coach which was the camp office. There was a mess car and two others with double-decked bunks in them. Up ahead was a coach fixed up for a recreation car; it had a phonograph and some card tables in it. It had been a club car once, and the fine panels were still smooth and shiny in places. There were heavy mahogany pillars in one end, and somebody had carved initials in one of them. Next after the mess car were some box cars used for the kitchen and storage. It was dinner time, and there were about thirty other men there who had been digging holes and hauling poles. The cooks were Chinks, and they chattered like a bunch of parrots while they were putting the meal on the table. It was like a furnace in the car, and some of the men ate without their shirts, but the heat didn't seem to effect their appetites.

The camp foreman was Mallory. He was almost square from the shoulders down, and his hair was blonde as corn tassels. He got us together after dinner and talked in such a quiet voice you had trouble hearing him.

"It's serious business, and this section will be hell," he said. "It's solid rock and they won't send us any powder. Post holes are better dug than blown out. We only got about four months to work, and we can't make mistakes. It will be too cold then, and then we'll go out to Oregon. The engineers will be ready for us out there and we can work all winter. It rains all the time out in that coast country,

but it's better than forty below." He swung around and thumped a man with a beefy palm. "Let's get at it."

In May the heat was brutal, and the sun smelted sand and rock together until you couldn't make out the features of the country. Perspiration burnt your eyes and dried in a crust on your face and neck. Then some days the wind blew and stirred up a smoke dust, making your mouth leather that water would not soften. The new pole holes dotted the parched flats like the footprints of a peg-legged giant. Hammering on rock all day with an iron bar, you got into a monotonous rhythm that seemed born of distance; and you felt as if it had come from far off to sound and fade away into the eternity beyond. The peeled poles stood up at crazy angles until the tampers came along and set them straight in the same rhythm, and the new line stood like a picket fence enclosing the earth. A truck let wires out behind it, thin streams of steel water catching the sun darts. And then we hung over cross-arms like men crucified in ridiculous positions, tying, spiking, bolting.

That afternoon I went back along the finished line gathering up nuts and bolts that had been dropped I piled them around the foot of each pole. It was mid-summer and you know how it is when you're alone in a country like that. The emptiness is more noticeable than ever. I was out on a flat beyond some yellow hills, there was a ring of red peaks around me, and the ground was covered with dull green sage and blue cactus. I looked for something moving, but there was only the dead bare rocks red as fire in the afternoon sun, sand and sage, cactus, white wash-

es and promotories smeared with dried blood. Only the orange heat waves and the dust spouts moved.

The line crossed the highway, and I remembered digging the hole for one of the fifty-foot poles that lifted the wires there. A buzzard was sitting on top of that pole and I threw a rock at it, and then a car came up suddenly beside me and stopped. Doris leaned out and she was grinning.

"One of the guys who was coming back," she said.

"What do you say?" I said.

"Don't you know me?"

"Certainly I know you."

"Where's Tuck?"

"He's out the other way."

She was wearing a fluffy orange dress which made her eyes blacker and her skin peach-colored.

"Where'd you get the car?"

"What do you think? It's mine. Eighteen hundred flat cash and I paid it."

"That's all right with me," I said.

"Get in," she said.

"I'm working."

"Get in. You can take five for a smoke."

"If you want to see Tuck, you'll have to go back along the wagon road beside the tracks."

"Who said I wanted to see him?" she said. "Did he get my letters?"

"How do I know?"

"You might."

"I'm not the postman."

"Don't get me wrong," she said.

"It's my afternoon off."

"Well, tell me why you came out here, then."

"You're a funny guy." She sat looking at the instrument board and I



could smell the powder and out there it didn't smell like it did in the Four Leaf Clover.

"All right," she said. "Why don't he write to me? He's a damn fool. I told him what I'd do, and I'm Number One girl now, too. I've got a nice roll in the bank, and I've got a chance like I never had before. There's an old cowhunky from up north after Susie. He wants her to sell out. What a chance for her. He's got a big outfit."

"Maybe she don't want it."

"She wants it. She's got him sewed up. Why she won't even let him come in the place for fear one of the other girls might give him the eye. We never even saw him."

"Well?" I said.

"Just this. She's going to sell out and marry him. And who to? Me. I'm going to buy the layout. I've got an option. She's willing to take two installments in a year. It's easy. That's one of the best places in town. You know it."

"What do you want me to do?" I said. "Ask him?"

"You can mind your own business," she said.

I got out and she turned the car around in the road and I stood back, but she let the engine die again and leaned out looking at me.

"You can find out if he got those letters, if you want to," she said.

"What if he did?"

"Nothing. You can tell him he can go to hell."

The kid Herson worked on the same pole with me, and that last day on Section Nine he slipped when we were thirty-five feet up. I tried to get him, but his shirt tore in my fingers. He

went down kicking like a madman at the pole with his spikes, but he only caught air. He bashed his head and took the flesh off the inside of his arms, and they carried him over to the truck, and then I got sick inside and the earth began to tilt and a red rain began to fall. I knew I had a brace because I felt the iron cutting under my shoulder, but I couldn't see it, and I felt one of my spikes breaking out.

They said they had a canvas spread out like a fireman's net under me, and they said George went up the pole like a swearing baboon, and they told me he brought me down like I was a little girl and never lost a spike; then I knew that it was his arm around me that had made my ribs hurt.

"You picked a hell of a place to go out," Mallory said. "You ought to think about us."

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The ear-phones took you right back into the world. Eastward the line talked, westward was the stillness, only the wind stirring sage and grass. When the orchestra stopped playing, a girl asked me who I was, and when I told her she laughed. "How's for a dance, baby?" I said. "See you tonight," she said, and then she cut off into dead silence.

"How is it out there?" a man said.

"Hotter than hell and a dust storm coming."

"That Boston baby is sure dumb," the Salt Lake operator said.

The Ruby Mountains were lost in dust, the sky looked like dark coffee grounds where the earth was thrown up at it violently. I tried to tell the Boston baby about it, but Salt Lake had cut us off. Maybe she wouldn't have

been so dumb if she had known what her voice was going through.

That night Alabama wanted to talk to me, and we walked down the tracks a way; but I didn't listen long, and I turned back with him walking along beside me. Then I hit him, but he came up quickly, and began to show me something about fighting. He caught me on the chin with a right that laid me out across some ties. He was gone when I got up, and I went inside and began to bathe my face, and Tuck came up and stood looking at me.

"Who whipped you?" he said.

"Alabama and I had a little argument."

"What about?"

"It don't matter, does it?"

"It might. I got an idea. You wouldn't want me to ask him, would you?"

"No," I said. "Just keep your mouth shut."

"It wasn't about playing cards, by any chance?"

"You don't play with him, do you?"

"No, but I've been watching him play and I've been hearing some things said."

"What of it?" I said.

"Well, pay day is tomorrow. It couldn't have been that he wanted you to get in on a little game with him and take the boys' pay checks, eh?"

"It's my business," I said.

"Maybe so. There's a few things that make me butt into other people's business, though."

"Where are you going?" I said.

"I've got a date with a fellow."

"You keep out of this. I'll handle it."

"You didn't seem able to. Now you

wouldn't want to take another licking from me, would you? Alabama goes to town tomorrow. He couldn't never be vice-president of this outfit."

In the evenings the talking machine in the recreation car played unceasingly. Outside the world was deathly still. Tuck and I would sit on a pile of ties along the right of way which cut a smooth clean swath through the desert and ran off into the stars, and we would talk about what we would do when we owned the telephone company. The limiteds roared by, east and west, at night, pounding on the rails in a fine satisfying rhythm that made you think of beautiful oiled machinery which never missed a beat. And the limiteds made you think of the places they were going and which ones you had been to, and you could see places like Salt Lake and Denver and Reno—and San Francisco. When I thought of that place I began to talk about it, and I talked about it until Tuck got tired of listening.

"You'll never get to be vice-president, either," Tuck said. "First time it gets hot you think of Montana. Then when it begins to get cold, you talk about Frisco and the sun on the ocean and the green mountains and how blue the Pacific is. I ought to tell the company about you, so when you pull out suddenly some day, it won't be such a shock to them. They won't be counting too much on your taking it over soon."

That night Mallory shook me out of bed and told me to get dressed. The aisle between the bunks was filled with men grunting and swearing, getting into their clothes.



"We got to go out," Mallory said.  
"The Elko line is down."

Outside the wind sent the rain rattling the dead black windows. I drove Mallory's car ahead of the truck. The rain cut in the sides and we crouched down behind the windshield. The lightning cut golden canyons ahead, making the empty desert seem bigger than ever before. In the truck the men huddled under canvas. The headlights seemed to stop plumb against a wall of darkness, but I could feel the ruts in the road striking against the wheels.

The poles were slick and your hands grew stiff on the wires. You slipped and dangled, but the belts held and you thanked God for honest workmen somewhere.

"Double time you're getting for this," said Mallory. He shouted up at us, but no one answered him.

"Contact."

"Contact!"

George was the last down and he came over to the truck laughing, a hand bleeding, and he and Tuck got in a wrestling match.

"They say it takes hell to fight hell," Mallory said.

The Ruby Mountains had snow on them again, and the ground was brittle; the mornings made you swing your arms and the wires frosted to your hands. The water in the tank car began to freeze. When the wind blew the old coaches were like ice boxes, and you had to sit cramped over a stove.

That day we went into Elko and we got tickets out to the coast. Then I got to thinking about San Francisco again and the warm sunshine on the green mountains, and the bay and the

ferries with the gulls following them, and a mate I knew on a China ship. That was what I got to thinking about when I looked out at the desert: the smell of salt water and the gulls and the green mountains and the warm sun and the ships.

I got a week's leave to go on ahead while the others were still loading and storing things away. The San Francisco limited went at midnight, and I had an hour to wait when I took my suitcase and went over to the depot. I left it there, and then I walked down the street across the tracks. I heard music and voices from the Four Leaf Clover and I had that strange thought again about something going to be changed in me, something I wasn't sure I wanted changed.

I went into the lunch room beside the depot and sat at a white table and drank a cup of coffee. Doris came in, only I didn't see her until I realized some one was standing looking at me. And then I saw that she had a suitcase with her.

"What hit you?" she said.

"Nothing," I said.

"You look like it," she said, and then she went over to the lunch counter and brought back some toast and milk and red jello and sat down.

"Going away?" I said.

"Just ask me," she said, "and I'll tell you about this country and all the people in it."

"I'm asking."

"Did you hear about it?"

"What?"

"The deal."

"Collapsed?" I said.

"Like a bubble in a gale. I'd never laid eyes on this cowhunky of hers, did

I? None of us knew him. How was I to know what he looked like?"

"You couldn't."

"Because he gets tight and comes in, was I to ask him what his name was? Was I to know by looking at him that he was her big cow and acre man?"

"What happened?"

"Nothing, except that she said I was trying to beat her time."

"And you're out."

"So is he. She nearly beat him to death before we got her off. Now what do you think?"

She lit a cigarette, and I thought about it. While I was thinking about it I looked at her, and I couldn't have told you anything about her if I hadn't known all about her. She was wearing a dark blue suit and a little round blue hat, and if you had met her on Wasatch Street in Salt Lake you wouldn't have known anything about her. Maybe she thought I was thinking about something like that, and she wanted to think about the matters at hand. There was that practicality about her. She leaned over the table and spoke quietly, as if she didn't want to wake me too suddenly.

"Are you broke?"

"What if I was?"

She only sniffed with the cigarette in her lips and opened her purse and laid a twenty dollar bill on the table.

"I don't want your money," I said.

"Ashamed of it?"

"I didn't say that. I don't need it."

"It's all right," she said. "I've got plenty. Why don't you get out of this hole?"

"I'm waiting for the train."

"West?"

"Frisco."

"I'll say you're a funny guy. I'll go as far as Reno with you. I've got a compartment and you can have the upper."

The train whistled and we got up. I carried her bag out and set it down on the platform.

"You don't want it," she said.

"Maybe I'll see you in Reno some day," I said.

"Why didn't you ever tell me about the letters?"

"He got them," I said, and then I took my suitcase and went up forward to the day coach.

## THE WEDDING RING

VIRGINIA MARIAN FERGUSON

If ever  
the round gold frame  
of the little grandmother's portrait  
is missing,  
If ever (I repeat)  
that is so  
then Spring with flounces of wisteria  
on her blue skirt  
has stolen it  
for her wedding ring.



## ZOO

GERALDINE WOLF

Small beasts clawing through the bars.  
We have been wounded. Deep the scars.  
The smell of animals lying alone,  
The strong sick smell of blood and bone,  
Of animal flesh and rotting hair;  
The structure firmly rooted there—  
Bar on bar and brick on brick,  
The corridors thick  
With odors of reptile, fish and bird;  
The soft sweet sound as the cobra stirred,  
Fretting paws on narrow floors,  
And all the interlocking doors  
Closed to the snarling and the whining.  
Cement and steel and stone confining,  
Each within its separate cage,  
Pain and rage.

We have been wounded beyond the healing.  
The shadows open, night-wind revealing  
Out of the darkness nothing but dark,  
Out of the dark, the visible mark  
Of pity grown faint, of pity grown still,  
And the moment closes, brief and chill.  
What if our nails are strong as teeth,  
Crushing the terrible fear beneath  
The empty shell of an empty room?  
What if the night-fields bud and bloom  
With odorous shrub and creeping vine,  
Their blossoms sour as sour wine?  
How can our sharpened claws defend  
The start against the end?  
The crouching body springs and learns  
The truth of iron, and torture burns  
Flesh against stone  
Steel against bone.

There have been nights when darkness hovers,  
Touch as gentle as any lover's,  
Yet when I felt the clasping, curling  
Web of sleep come slipping, swirling,

Fine and quick as spider's spinning—  
All the insect faces grinning  
Brought me screaming to the terror.  
Which is truth and which is error?  
What to answer, what to ask?  
And which the necessary task?  
My ears that hear, my eyes that see  
Are lost in night's eternity.  
Only the thin mist mounting high  
Knows the breadth of morning sky.

Keeper and caged, will you rise once more—  
Shatter your claws on bar and door—  
Break them open, fling them wide,  
The fretful soul be satisfied  
Flesh and spirit both have passed  
Upon forbidden ground, at last.  
Break them bravely, hammer and fist,  
Force the locks and bolts, the wrist  
Strong with eagerness, the veins  
Swollen with strength. And what remains  
When sky and sea and hill and field  
Are yours at last, and heavens yield  
And blossoms bend,  
What is the end?  
The body tired, blood beating slow—  
Will you cry in fear and go  
Whimpering back to spur and whip?  
The skies lean forward, planets slip  
Outward, onward, into the dream  
When small men tremble and blaspheme,  
Cloud-petals droop, and melting, run  
Downward into the flaming sun.

We who are brave, what have we, then,  
To break the circle of deaf-mute men?  
Only this body, the mind within,  
The thread of thought drawn bright and thin,  
The silent mouth, the fearful eyes,  
Shoulders, thighs,  
Arms and hands:  
Flesh that never understands  
All the frightened heart is saying,  
All the weeping, all the praying;



Flesh that trembles when the thunder  
Breaks the heavens with the wonder  
Of its planet-shaking mirth;  
This our armament, from birth  
Until the cycle is complete;  
This our measure of defeat.

## DOG'S FAMILY

BENJAMIN APPEL

THE little girl had stopped to pick up the empty water dish so that the dog could drink. A quick slash from the the white teeth. "Where was gratitude and other things?" said the shocked father. "No beast brought up from the dirt has a right to bite one of the family."

Immediately the apartment was converted into a red cross outfit. The mother rushed into the bathroom for mereurochrome and bandages. Her husband steadily pickled himself in anger, getting in her way. He declared, "Apartments are no places for dogs, especially such wolves as police dogs." They were all hotheads in the family: his wife stating he suggest something constructive, the two sons wondering how they were going to get even with the blasted mutt. All the time, the little girl was staring excitedly at her hand as if it were a brand new toy. Blood was coming from the gash in the finger. She sing-songed in a steady obnoxious voice that she only wanted to fill the dish with water, she wouldn't take the dish away.

Brother Bill could have slammed her. "He had no right to bite even if that tin pan was gold." The younger brother pulled the dog out from under the table. Jack swung the doubled-up chain, holding the dog by the collar.

His voice was incredulous and sad. "You bad dog, Fritz. Bad dog Fritz. Bite Rowie. Oh, you bad bad dog."

Fritz lay flat on his belly, his head on his big paws, his wolf eyes looking up at Jack with a steady and fearful intensity. He was about a year old, small for his age, taken from his mother's milk too soon. And now his body was smaller than ever with fear.

Mother bandaged up the girl's hand, thinking of the worries children were, always measles or dog-bites or something. "He didn't mean it," said Rowie, "He thought I was taking his—"

"I know," howled Bill. "And that makes all the difference in the world."

The father, usually a business man with serious headaches, leaned over the dining table and hurled all the superstitions about police dogs he'd ever heard. They were treacherous. They turned on their masters. The family were all fools who stupidly ignored facts, sentimental fools because they were fools in the first place. To the tune of the paternal voice, Jack beat a rhythm with his chain. The dog rolled over on his back, but there was no mercy for him. So he began to yowl.

"He's no stoic," said Bill. "He don't take it like a man."

"That's enough," cried the mother,

holding Rowie tight. "Better give him away than be so brutal."

"Enough," said father. "Tomorrow you'll give him away."

Jack tied him up in the foyer, swung a kick into his ribs and then adjourned to the living-room with the other men. Their eyes were glittering, they were excited with the joy of administering justice. Their jaws set so hard they looked as if they'd come from a hanging. The faces of this jury soured as they discussed the evidence. From a puppy. And so nasty.

"I remember when we got him about a year ago," said Bill. "He could just fit inside my hat."

"So could an elephant."

There was a second of family recognition.

"She shouldn't 'ave gone near him. He never liked women," said father.

Bill was peeved at their evasion of the issue. The softies. Softy dad who always took Fritz down first thing in the morning, always exclaiming: Don't jump, Fritz, as the dog bestowed kisses on him. Softy Jack cracking jokes. "I hate to give him away," said Jack. "Let's give the women away."

"You got a big head," said Bill, "but nobody's ever moved in. Space to let."

"You give him away, then. I got school."

"Give him away," said the father. "I've got to be at the office."

"You're a nice pair of shirkers palming off the dirty work on me."

Father nodded with an infinite and sickening wisdom. "Both of you give him away."

"He needs me a lot," Jack shouted. "Sure."

"Give him away after you get through sleeping at school."

Again the father-solon spoke. "I know this family. Fritz must be given away in the morning, or, by afternoon you'll change your mind."

The family quieted down. Tomorrow morning they were sending him out of their lives, and that was the same as if he'd died. Jack looped the chain over the radiator valve. Fritz stared at them with a knowing meditative look, his ears not cocked but moving so that it seemed he were trying to understand this sober new silence. In the half shadow, his eyes burned into beautiful green stones.

"Poor midget," said Jack. "Fritz, the midget. The end of him. When I think of the early days when he slept in the bed and crept to the top of my head—"

"Quit your whining."

Jack dropped to his knees near the dog, his strong body clownish in pajamas. "Give me paw, Fritz. C'mon Fritz boy. Shake hands." He stuck out his hand. The sleepy dog lifted its paw to Jack's fingers, a little owlish, pointed ears drooping. Jack shook hands many times, petting the tawny sides.

"You'll see lovely dog in the morning, Jack."

"See nothing with your hot air fogging things up. You don't fool me. You're just as sorry as I am."

They got up at seven the next morning. The dog's tail was thumping against the corridor wall. He stretched himself, offering his paw with the frequency of a good time Charley.

"No intelligence," said Bill. "He doesn't know he's finished here." Aft-



er breakfast they tiptoed out of the house, feeling like kidnapers. Only mother saw them off. The others were still sleeping. "What do you care about Fritz, ma? The devil with him."

They lived in Manhattan and the idea was to walk the dog east to Avenue A where there was a Foundation that housed lost and unwanted dogs and found them new masters. Jack yawned. "On his way to the glue factory and that dog knows it. He's figuring it's not so good."

The dog was running a little ahead of them, with a wolfish delight in the frosty morning and in the freedom of his limbs. Bill glanced at his brother. Well, Jack was only a kid imagining all sorts of nonsense. He laughed hoarsely. "Cheer up. It ain't your grandmudder. Worrying about that wolf. Beasts like him raid towns out west." They passed a pet shop. "Let's sell him," he exclaimed, opening the door.

Strange dogs barked, their smell heavy and musty. Canaries hopped in cages. Bill had a sudden visualization of how the shop appeared to Fritz, those bright yellow birds, the parrot, the many dogs. The man looked Fritz over, and he too became aware of the white throat blaze, the tawny coat, the intelligent head. Fritz's mane stood up. He growled at the menagerie, not liking their company at all, not liking the dog man.

"Seven months, ain't he?" said the man, his flat face and snout taking in all his points. "A nice dog but too old. He ain't even worth the two bucks I'll give you. They like to raise 'em up themself."

Jack grabbed Fritz by the collar, hur-

rying through the door. They walked towards the Foundation building. Bill said they should've taken the two dollars. Why be sentimental about a wolf. Jack was a dumb kid.

But when they entered the Foundation's office, his lips got a little dry and he knew that somehow the damn mutt had gotten inside of him. At a desk, there was an old man with a white mustache coarse as hay. In his English-cut jacket and his cap he appeared like a gone-to-seed stable man. Bill held the frightened dog, thinking in the first hostile flash that this man was a stranger and he was giving him something in trust he valued. Something alive. His dog. From an adjoining room two more officials came in, an old woman sloppily dressed and a veterinarian in white. And all these strangers confronted Fritz like three strange dogs.

The man at the desk barked at them like a pompous mastiff, the veterinarian smirking in the distance as if he were about to operate, the woman yipping with the gaiety of a poodle. Jack filled out the blanks. He dropped the pen. "We're moving, can't take him. He's healthy. No worms."

"I can see that," said the veterinarian.

"You'll get him a good master?" asked Bill.

"Of course," said the woman. "Such a nice dog. He doesn't bite, does he?"

"Only strangers," said Bill.

"This way, please," said the woman. He followed her, leading Fritz by the collar, into a large room, into a tremendous bow-wow of prisoners. Both walls were lined with large cages filled with straw. There were five or

six in a cage, fox terriers, dachshunds, collies, and the mongrels of the city, all of them barking, whining, howling, like a canine version of men in a death-house welcoming the newcomer. He pushed Fritz into an empty cage, patted his head for the last time, and hurried out.

In the street, the brothers looked at one another. Fritz had known what was up from the very first. The other dogs had told him in plain language. They had barked that they were afraid, that they were among strangers, that they were homeless. "They'll find him a good home," said Bill. "Forget him."

But after a year of him, Fritz wasn't so easily forgotten. When the family gathered together for dinner, their glum faces annoyed Bill. Well, mother used to feed him. Rowie was disgusted at people so foolish as to give away a fine dog because he was bad once. Did they give her away when she was bad? "No one'd take you," said Jack. The dog's phantom was everywhere. They imagined him begging at the table for scraps; saw him resting in his corner; running up and down for exercise; sparring with his paws; shaking hands; cocking his ears like an idiot; barking when someone knocked. They were sad. That day each of them had given away a tiny bit of themselves.

On his way to work the next day, Bill figured he'd drop in and see how Fritz was coming. Outside the Foundation office, one of the trucks was parked, a sleepy attendant busy with a box of tools. Inside he recognized the old woman but she didn't know him. Humans looked alike to her, only dogs were individuals. "I gave in that police dog," he said.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came. Your dog's been grieving himself to death."

Excited, he followed her into the barking of the dogs, staring at the cage in which Fritz was prisoner. He was lying down in the extreme corner, his head towards the door, his ears flat, his eyes glazed. He didn't move an inch, his stillness suicidal in the bedlam of leaping belligerent dogs.

"We made a note to have your dog sent back to owner," she said. "Why, he wouldn't allow anyone to enter. Growling and very vicious. He hasn't eaten or drunk. Young man, don't go in, young man."

But he walked steadily forward. Fritz would never bite him. The dog didn't know him, watching him with dull brown hopeless eyes. Then, he got to his feet, stretched lazily and that was all. He was like a man awaking after a nightmare, too numb to feel relief or happiness. The dog followed his master out, his tail low, and all the dogs cheered and roared at the orphan that was leaving. Bill had acted on impulse but when the old gent with the mustache proceeded to bawl the woman out for taking such liberties without consulting him, his heart pounded, he made up his mind Fritz wasn't going back to commit suicide.

"I gave this dog in without my mother's permission. It's her dog. And under the circumstances, I don't see why you should mind. This lady told me he was grieving himself to death."

"I don't like your tone, sir. I've got a home for the dog. You signed him over to us. Attendant." A small young Irishman in brown clothes stepped forward. "Take that dog, Mike."



Bill edged toward the door with Fritz. "Keep your hands off my dog if you know what's good for you." Mike hesitated. Bill had a funny impression that he was saving a blond beauty from a group of savages, or something as heroic as that. The old man glared, his fast breath making the tips of his mustache dance. Bill suddenly pushed open the door, ran out with Fritz.

The attendant that had been monkeying with the truck took one look and rushed inside.

Bill cut down the avenue and up a street, doubling westward on his tracks to throw off the Indians. He wanted to laugh. This retreat through desolate streets where there were no people, and nothing but the boarded-up fronts of lots and warehouses, the paint peeling, the gutters littered, all this was one tremendous laugh. He and the dog were two orphans beating it from the orphan asylum. And now Fritz, who'd been so long recovering from his stupor, went wild with gratitude, leaping up, kissing his hands, almost tripping him. He'd break a leg yet. He had to stop the flight for a mutual interval of congratulation. The dog's ears were laid flat on his head, he was talking, his voice breaking in whimpering sounds of joy. He was saying: *Am I glad to be with you.* Bill laughed. Maybe he ought to bark back: *It's O. K., pal.* He laughed louder than ever. The poor damn fool mutt.

Slanting around the corner, he almost bumped into the Foundation's truck, which pulled over to the curb. The attendant hopped out after him. "Gimme that dog," he said, his square intent

face as simple as a dog's, his eyes blinking.

"Keep your hands off, Irish, or I'll bust you one."

Fritz barked.

"You'll what? Me? Holy smoke." His mouth sprung open with surprise. Getting fresh with him. Why, he was a Foundation man. Gee, he was an attendant. "I'll have you arrested, fresh guy."

"All right. Have me arrested."

This was even more of a shock. Arrested. Gee. For a dog. The men walked off together, not noticing each other but with eyes on guard. "I hope some one steals your truck," said Bill.

Finally they met a cop and a little court was held on the sidewalk, the attendant detailing the facts. The cop decided they had to go to a higher court, to the lieutenant at the station.

From his high desk, the police officer listened to the account of the prison break, listening to both sides with an air of indifference. He had the tired patient mouth of a professor. "The young fellow keeps his dog. Now, you go back and sign the dog out."

The dinner that night was cheerful, the recriminations hollow, the regrets make-believe. Father said the dog didn't deserve to be taken back. Jack called Bill a fool. The mother raised the riddle of what would they do if he bit again? The little girl was honest. She hugged the dog. His faults were recited, but secretly they were glad to have him back, part of their lives again, and that was the most important fact of all. They'd never expected to see Fritz again. He was dead to them. Now, he'd come to life. That was splendid even if he wasn't perfect.

## OLD MODOC SONG

TOM BAIR

In youth,  
Strength is the great-bow drawn full way,  
Speed, the chinook in the river.  
Fear is the tall lean timber wolf  
And age is the kill's last quiver.

In age,  
Love is the swallow lost in snow,  
Greed is the bear in clover.  
Wealth is a tall son in the house  
And youth is a warm day over.

## MOUNTAIN DEATH

TOM BAIR

They lost the old man in the earth that night.  
Around the doorstep songs were sung  
And tales were told of bucks brought down  
And black bear run.  
Three starving hounds scratched in the dust.  
Lem Brace, who courts the old man's daughter,  
Played an endless uncertain tune on the accordion:  
How long do old men last, he played,  
Who sit so silently in sun or shade, in shade or sun?  
The daughter, acid virgin, even in the light  
Of evening, thought, Waiting and my life are one;  
I wait for death to live and then for death again.  
The son drew figures in the dust and now and then  
Sought out his father's eyes,  
Where lay but calm neutrality of summer sky,  
And whispered deep within his quiet heavy breast;  
How much bitterness before this youth is gone,  
How much to fear.  
The stallion colt coughed in the darkness near  
And raised his round young hoofs to strike the sound.  
How much in youth to fear.  
And when they rose to go, none were surprised  
To find the old man gone from there.



# MASCULINE HERITAGE

MURRAY GITLIN

THE old Model T Ford bucked, staggered and quivered over the spring roads. It had rained for a week and it seemed that it might rain for another. It looked as if life itself would be washed away; all that impatient sap in the trees turned into water; the mud lost deeper and yellower in a bottomless pit of earth.

Young Mackaplow knew that his father was praying beside him. He could hear the mumbled words: "Oh, Lord, may . . . mud . . . there . . . Oh, Lord . . . Oh, Lord . . . Oh, Lord . . ." It took more than an hour to reach Little Falls, but that sound, like the hum of a wind, went on unceasing. On the macadam road through the town it stopped. Between the outside of Little Falls and the beginning of Cedar Flats the dead-level murmur of fear and hope went through the same rhythm, the same repetition. Young Mackaplow rather liked it. It gave him more strength. Somehow he was sure that because of it the car would not get stuck. The rain kept on falling. Stronger, weaker, less, more, it came down like a pall of doom. Ten miles this side of Roundout the road was concrete. The praying did not continue.

"You will see, my son, a man who in his prime could have taken both of us and lifted us bodily off the ground. Ah, he was a giant, your grandfather. And yet a peace-loving man; a God-fearing man; an upright and respected man. I haven't seen him for fifteen years or better. He must have changed a great deal. This illness must have made him terribly old. Your grandfather is a very old man. Very old. I

am sixty. He must be eighty-two or three."

Those in two days of traveling were the longest words Mackaplow had spoken. They were entering the city then, and the city looked drab and cold. It was still raining.

Without stopping to eat, although it was two in the afternoon, they drove direct to the hospital. It was a small building at the extreme end of the city. Mackaplow went in by himself, leaving his young son in the car. "I better find out what's happened first," he said, fixing up an old sack in the shape of a hood which he put on over his head. "I better make sure first."

Assured that his father was alive and "doing nicely," Mackaplow followed the young nurse into the elevator. He was less assured when he saw him. There on the bed was something—it was neither alive nor dead; a sort of echo of a man, surrounded by white walls, white bed, white bedding, white night-shirts, white bowls, but a white that left a black image on the eye and mind, a black picture. He recognized him, of course, because he was told: "That's the bed." The beard had been shaved off, and where he had remembered brown hair, there was gray, tinged slightly yellow, as if reflecting the deeper yellow of the face. The hands, an even yellower yellow, were on the bed covers, lying in an immense nonchalance. Old Mackaplow was evidently asleep. The nurse went out, the son sat down beside the bed.

"Leukemia," he said to himself. "That's leukemia. He will get yellower and yellower and then it will make

no difference. It will be for the best." That was his feeling now. It was like a sick chick. One knows it will never get well, that it will grow up to be stunted, that life can mean nothing to it for it already sees beyond that. "And he has lived the allotted three score and ten. Twelve more than that, which is enough for any man."

The thing moved. The eyes stared huge and bewildered; the mouth did not have to open, for it was already open. "They give you slop here," it said. "Get me something to eat. Get me a piece of beef, Carson."

Mackaplow shuddered that his father could think of nothing more to say to him, after fifteen years, than to ask for a piece of beef.

"Maybe you're not supposed to eat beef," he said.

"Beef won't hurt nobody. When a man's sick he's got to have food, don't he? They starve you here. They give you a few apricots in a little saucer, and a piece of toast and they expect you to live on that. What do they think I am? I'm a man, by God, yet." Even without the beard and yellow as he was, surrounded as he was by pure, clean, feminine white, there was something full and lusty in his voice.

"The doctors, I guess, know what they're doing."

"The doctors are a bunch of crooks!" he shouted.

The nurse, hearing the patient's outcry, came in. "Now, now, Mr. Mackaplow. You know you mustn't do that. You must be quiet." She bent over to fix the blankets and Mackaplow noticed his father staring at the hanging breasts of the nurse. When she was gone the old man turned on his side toward his

son. "That's little enough you can do for me," he said.

"Do what?"

"Get me a piece of beef."

His mind must be wandering, Mackaplow thought.

"You can slip it in. They'll never know. A piece of steak. Porterhouse, if you can get it. If not, sirloin. Remember, I saved your life once."

Determined as he was not to argue with his father, who probably didn't know what he was talking about anyway, Mackaplow could not help asking when that might have been. He had saved his own life once, that he recalled quite distinctly, but certainly whatever life he had as a child, as a young man, did not come from his father, not from the whip across his back, not from the curses, nor from slaving on the farm.

"That woman and her husband. He would have shot you."

"What woman? What husband?"

"I haven't forgotten, Carson. The old duffer's still got a memory on him, by George. Her husband would have put a bullet through you as sure as I'm layin' here dyin' for want of a piece of beef which my own flesh and blood won't get me."

Memory is like a bog. If you fish long enough in it you will find there even the shadows that passed across its weeds. Mackaplow had not thought of that incident for more than twenty-five years. It came back to him in one long instantaneous picture. In a few seconds his mind had touched every phase of it. He sat beside the bed, the dying man talking, talking, about beef and starvation in a petulant, cursing voice, reaching out for that week over forty years ago, trying to thrill to it once more as he still remembered he had as



a boy. He'd forgotten her name. She was well-built, like the nurse. There was, he felt, some resemblance between the two. He thought he could still find the spot in the woods where they had sat down and where she had aroused in him a desire to know that great mystery which boys' talk had made even more mysterious. He thought he could find all the other bypaths they had walked together behind the house and in the pasture. He remembered what his mother had called her. How had it started?

"They left me. They all left me!" his father was saying. "They left me starving here."

The humiliation had been when his father had accused him of coming between husband and wife. It was out on the hay field, he still remembered. They were both using a handrake, one alongside the other. That was when he had talked about the enraged husband using a gun on him. Had he seen her again after that? Most likely not. Let's see, he said. She was staying at the farm next to ours for the summer and she had some children. Two, I believe. A boy and a girl. How did it start? Did I drive her into town once as she was walking along the road alone? There must have been quite a bit of talk for it to have got to mother's ears. Most likely she had filled up father's head with it, and then when the husband came from the city one day and left the next in a rage they must have gone over it in bed together; because it was the day after, when they were out making hay, that the incident was put in so serious a light. He did see her again. She told him why her husband had left in a rage. It had something to do with something—but not with their affair.

He stopped meeting her. He was afraid. Once he saw her on the porch sitting in a hammock feeding one of her boys out of a bowl. Yes, it was two boys she had—not a boy and a girl.

Suddenly he remembered his own boy sitting in the old Ford. Suddenly the other voice had stopped. His father had fallen asleep, his mouth half-open, his eyes half-closed. He went out into the hallway where he found the nurse at a desk, writing in a ledger.

"If he wakes up soon and wants to know where I'd gone to, you might be so kind as to tell him, me and my boy who's out in the car, that we went to get a bite to eat," he said.

"I'll do that. I'll do that with pleasure. I'll take you down."

He got into the elevator with her. Now he remembered that she had light brown hair—almost blonde—like the nurse standing now before him—and that was one reason why his mother had called her what she did.

Downstairs as he was going out he met the doctor who was attending his father. The attendant at the desk introduced them to each other. Of the doctor he asked one question. "Is there hope for him?" And the doctor did not hesitate. "Practically none. It's a disease about which we know little and can do even less. How it comes about? Well, your guess is as good as mine. Some say it's from overwork."

"He has worked hard."

It had stopped raining. He was still carrying the old sack in his hand when he got into the car. Young Mackaplow was asleep behind the wheel but woke up as soon as his father opened the door. "Well?" he asked.

"He's as yellow as beeswax," the father said. "And he doesn't know

what he's talking about. His mind's wandering."

"Does he know that I'm here?"

"No. I didn't tell him. I didn't want to disturb him. I left him asleep. He was asleep when I came in. We'll get something to eat now, then we'll come back and I'll take you up to see him. You were named after him and I think you've a right to see the man you were named after. It will be the last time most likely."

They drove to the center of the city and from there into the side streets looking for a cheap eating-place where the price of food was announced in the window. And they ate in silence. They had a bowl of lentil soup each with pieces of soggy toast afloat in it, then two pork chops divided up between them and a cup of coffee. They sat alongside of each other at the counter and the son kept thinking: "I wonder how old I'll be when he dies. Grandpa's eighty-two or three and Dad's sixty. I'll be thirty-seven if he dies at the same age Grandpa does."

They drove back to the hospital. When they entered the ward old Mackaplow was lying face upward, his eyes half-open, his mouth half-closed, even yellower than before. They sat down and waited without a word for the old man to wake up. The grandson looked more like his grandfather than like his father.

A little later the same nurse came in, bent over the bed to adjust the blankets. Son's and father's eyes met. They were looking at the same thing. But she hadn't noticed it. She disappeared into the hallway and then came back with the doctor. The doctor glanced at the old man lying on the bed, put his hand over the dead heart and then went out.

It was the nurse who told them.

They stayed in Roundout two days, buried the old man and started for home. Young Mackaplow had had but a glimpse of the city and he knew it wasn't a city like New York or Chicago or even Minneapolis and Saint Paul, of which he had heard tell but never been to; he knew that there were pretty women right in the town where he had gone to school and where on Saturday afternoons he sat on the postoffice steps with other young fellows looking at female legs as they passed by north and south, but he had never been so intimately close to a strange woman before and never had a woman been more beautiful in his eyes than was the nurse. He was nineteen.

Mackaplow sensed this desire in his son for in his own heart was desire also. "A man at sixty is still a man. Father had wanted porterhouse right up to the time he died." Suddenly something came to his mind. Was it possible that his own father had been jealous of him when, as a young man, he had had that affair with that woman? Had it rankled in his mind all these many years? And was he himself now jealous of his own son?

That seemed to him improbable, yet he said: "How do you like the city, my son?" watching him from the corner of his eye.

"That's really not the city. Roundout's no city compared to New York and Chicago."

"Oh, you've been reading about it?"

"But the boys have been talking about it."

There was for perhaps a minute a loud silence, and an uncertain silence, for the boy did not know what his father



er was driving at and the father did not know how he was to say what he wanted to say.

"Have the boys also been talking about women?"

They were going down a hill just then. Young Mackaplow had cut off the gas completely so that the car just hummed because of the wind striking it, and the words stood out clear and distinct. The boy said nothing to that. He felt guilty for having looked at the nurse, for having looked at her at the same time that his father had.

"City women," Mackaplow said, "they are different from country women." (She had come from New York, he remembered.) "City women have no sense of shame—the unmarried as

well as the married. I don't want to talk to you like a preacher, my son. I don't want to say that in the eyes of God it isn't right that a man should lust after every woman he sees because she is a woman. People have forgotten God. It is because there is no end to lust once a man starts. It will give him no peace. First he will want one, then another, then another. And not only when he's a young man, but even after he's reached middle age—and—and sometimes even when he's old and ready to die, my son."

"And what's wrong with that?" Young Mackaplow asked.

The father said nothing. Whatever the good answer might be, he was not the one to state it.

## IT WOULD BE STRANGE

LORRAINE GRUNDY NUTT

Here are last year's violets  
Bloodroot, hypanthias;  
There's our robin with a redder breast  
Come back.

(All lovely things depart  
All lovely things come back again)

Crab-apple blossoms in the hedge,  
Wild plum fragrances the air,  
Columbine is back on the hill.

All things of beauty come again;  
It would be strange if you alone  
Of lovely things did not return.

## FAUST IN IOWA

CHARLES BROWN NELSON

This girl that just moved in across the road  
to cook her uncle's meals and sweep his floors  
has got no man, and might as well be yours.

Go over there and say you lost a cow  
or anything to get a word or two  
alone with her, and then—if I were you—

I'd take her walking in the timber lane  
and manage once to set my lips on hers  
as close and tight as tangled cockleburs.

Things will come easy for you after that—  
you will get married then, and settle down.  
Her folks own half the country west of town.

## SIGNAL AND FAREWELL

CHARLES BROWN NELSON

Semaphore red

and the stars an explosion  
of ice above the lettuce-pale ribbons edging away on  
their black bars in a phosphorescent curve towards  
the sky. End-lights are sucked soundlessly outward  
and sideward, a pale plume of orange-misted steam  
questions and is gone, and there is no sound.

Semaphore green

and the hard, the bright,  
the cruel stars. Extraordinary, this sudden desperate  
quiet. I hear your heart beating, and I know that you  
are gone. I hear you laughing, crying, sorry to be  
happy to go, and there is only your faintest footprint  
in the yellow-lighted dust. The farewells are spoken,  
the quiet has settled, you are gone and you can never  
go.



# THE PLOUGH

H. E. BATES

**A**N old man and a boy were ploughing a field that lay on the slope of a valley. The plough was drawn by a single horse, an old bony chestnut. It was early March, but already the weather was beautiful, and it was like an April day. Great clouds of white and grey and stormy blue kept sailing in endless flocks across the bright sky from the west, into the face of the morning sun. The cloud-shadows, travelling at a great pace down the sloping field, vanished and then reappeared on the other side of the valley, racing across the brown and green of the planted and unplanted fields. There was a feeling everywhere of new light, which created in turn a feeling of new life. The light was visible even in the turned land, which lay divided into regular stripes of shadow and light at every furrow. The earth, a dark clay, turned up in long sections which shone in the sun like steel, only a little duller in tone than the plough-share itself.

The slope of the field made ploughing awkward. It meant that whenever the plough went down the hill the man had to hold the plough-lines taut and keep up a constant backward pull on the handles; and that when the plough came up the slope he had to keep up an endless shout at the single horse and lash his back with the loosened lines in order to make him go at all.

At the end of each upward journey the man and the boy paused to wind the horse. "Lug the guts out on him. Wind a minute." Blowing with great gasps, the horse would stand with his

head down, half-broken, staring at the earth, while the man rested on the plough-handles and the boy stood and carved new spirals in an ash-stick.

The man, half-broken like the horse, would sit silent, staring at the earth or scratching his whitish hair. But the boy would talk.

"Ain't it about time we lit on a sky lark's?"

"We'll light o' one. Don't whittle. Its early yet."

Or he would bring up an old question. In other fields he had seen men at plough with two, three and sometimes four horses. Tremendous teams.

"Why don't we plough with more horses 'n one?"

"Ain't got no more. That's why."

At the lower end of the field they would pause again, but more briefly. Under the hedge, already breaking its buds, the sun was burning.

"It's that hot," the boy said, "I'll ha' me jacket off."

"Do no such thing! Only March, and stripping—you keep it on. Dy'e hear?" The old man glanced up at the vivid spaces of sky, wonderfully blue, between the running clouds. "Don't like it. Its too bright to last. We s'll ha' wet jackets afore dinner."

Like this, struggling up the hill, then resting, then half-running down the hill and resting again, they went on turning up the land. As the morning went on the clouds began to grow thicker, the white clouds giving way to grey and purple, until the distances of sky seemed to be filled with sombre mountains. The intervals of sunshine grew less, so that the fresh lines of yel-

low coltsfoot flowers, turned up by the plough and pressed down between the furrows, no longer withered like those turned up in the earlier day. And very shortly it was not the shadows of clouds that ran over the sunny fields, but patches of sunlight, brief traveling islands of softest yellow, that ran over a land that was in the shadow of unending clouds.

About eleven o'clock the wind freshened, quite cold, and rain suddenly began to fall in driving streaks across the fields. It was spring rain, sudden and bitter. In a moment it seemed like a winter again, the distant land dark and desolate, the furrows wet and dead.

The old man and the boy half-ran across the upper headland to shelter in the bush-hovel that stood by the gate of the field. As they stood under the hovel, listening to the rain on the bush-roof, they heard the sound of wheels on the road outside, and a moment later a thin long-nosed man, wearing fawn skin gaiters, a check cap and a white smock, came running into the hovel out of the rain.

He shook the rain-drops off his cap and kept saying in aristocratic tones: "Demn it. The bladdy weather," and the old man kept speaking of him as Milk, while the boy sat in a corner, on an old harrow, taking no part in the conversation, but only watching and listening.

A moment or two later there were footsteps outside the hovel again, and in came a second man, a roadman, a large, extremely muscular fellow holding a sack round his shoulders like a cape. He moved with powerful languor, regarding the milkman with ex-

treme contempt. He seemed almost to fill the hovel and he lounged and swaggered here and there as though it were his privilege to fill it.

"The bladdy weather," the milkman said.

"We want it," said the big man. It was like a challenge.

"Who does?"

"We do. Joe and me. More rain, less work. Ain't that it, Joe?"

"That's it," said the old man.

"Be demned," Milk said. "It hinders my work."

"Get up earlier," said the big man. "Poor old Milk. All behind, like the cow's tail."

The milkman was silent, but his face was curiously white, as though he were raging inwardly. It looked for a moment as though there must be a quarrel. And from the corner the boy watched in fascination, half hoping there would be.

Then, just as it seemed as if there would be a quarrel, the big man spoke again.

"Heard about Wag?" he said. "Wag Thompson."

"About Wag?" said the old man.

"He's dead."

"Dead?" said Milk. "Dead? I see him this morning."

"You won't see him no more," said the big man. "He's dead."

The old man staring across the field, into the rain, half-vacantly, looking as though he did not know what to say or think, as though it were too strange and sudden to believe.

"It's right," the big man said. "He's dead."

"How?"

"All of a pop. Dropped down."



The men were silent, staring at the rain. It was still raining very fast outside and clay-coloured pools were beginning to form in the furrows. But strangely the larks were still singing. The men could hear them above the level hiss of the rain.

"It whacks me," the old man said. "Strong man like Wag."

"That's it," Milk said. "He was too strong. Too strong and fat."

"Fat?" said the big man. "No fatter'n me. Not so fat."

"His face was too red. Too high-coloured."

"It's a lickier," said the big man.

He took a snuff-box from his waistcoat pocket, flicked it open, and handed it first to the old man then to Milk. In silence they took pinches of the snuff and he too took a pinch, the sweetish smell of the spilt snuff filling the hovel.

"Rare boy for snuff," said the big man. "Old Wag."

"Boy. I like that," Milk said. "Must have been sixty."

"Over."

For almost the first time the old man spoke.

"Wag was sixty-five," he said. "We went plough together. Boys, riding the for'ardest."

He broke off suddenly, as though drawn back into memory. It was still raining very fast but the men seemed to have forgotten it. It was as though they could think of nothing but the dead man.

"Ever see Wag a-fishing?" the big man said. "Beautiful."

"Times," said the old man. "He was a don hand. A masterpiece. I bin with him. Shooting too. When we

were kids once we shot a pike. It lay on the top o' the water and Wag let go at it. Young pike. I can see it now."

"And mushrooms," Milk said. "You'd always see him with mushrooms."

"He could smell mushrooms. Made his living at it," said the big man. "That and fishing, and singing."

"He *could* sing," said the old man. "Ever hear him sing *On the Boat that First took me Over*?"

"I thought every minit

We should go slap up agin it."

The old man broke off, tried to remember the rest of the words, but failed, and there was silence again.

In the corner the boy listened. And gradually, in his mind, he began to form a picture of a man he had never known, and had never even seen. It was like a process of dreamy creation. Wag took shape in his mind slowly, but with the clarity of life. The boy began to feel attached to him. And as the image increased and deepened itself he felt as though he had known Wag, the plump, red faced, mild-hearted man, the fisherman, the snuff-taker and the singer, all his life. It affected him profoundly. He sat in a state of wonder. Until suddenly he could bear it no longer. He burst into tears. And the men, startled by the sound of them, gazed at him with profound astonishment.

"Damned if that ain't a lickier," the big man said.

"What's up with you?" What're crying for?"

"Something frit him."

"What was it? Something fright you? What're you crying for?"

"Nothing."

"What you think o' that? Nothing."

"Whose boy is it?"

"Emma's. My daughter's. Here, what're you crying for?"

"Nothing."

"He's tender-hearted. That's how kids are."

"Here, come, dry up. We've had enough rain a' ready. Come, come."

And gradually, after a few tears, the boy stopped crying. Looking up through the film of his tears he saw that the rain was lessening too. The storm-clouds had travelled across the valley.

Milk and the big man got up and went outside.

"Blue sky," said Milk.

"Yes, and you better get on. Folks'll git milk for supper."

Milk went through the gate and out into the road and a moment later the big man said "So long" and followed him.

Patches of blue sky were drifting up and widening and flecks of sunlight were beginning to travel over the land as the man and the boy went back to

the plough. In the clay-coloured pools along the furrows the reflection of the new light broke and flickered here and there into a dull silver, almost as light as the rain-washed plough share. The turned-up coltsfoot flowers that had withered on the ridges had begun to come up again after the rain, the earth gave up a rich fresh smell and the larks were rising higher, towards the sunlight.

The man took hold of the plough handles. "Come on, get up there, on, get up." And the plough started forward, the horse slower and the share stiffer on the wet land.

Walking by the horse's head, on the unploughed earth, the boy had forgotten the dead man. Skylarks kept twittering up from among the coltsfoots and he kept marking the point of their rising with his eyes, thinking of nothing but the nests he might find.

But all the time the man kept his eyes on the far distance of cloud and sunlight, as though he were lost in the memory of his dead friend.

And the plough seemed almost to travel of its own accord.

## HAZARDOUS FREEDOM

ELINOR LENNEN

Today, my swift bird left his mate.  
The cage was small, the world was wide.  
He chose the outward-swinging gate,  
Then vanished, restive, in his pride.

Wounded, she grieves that he has flown  
Beyond the refuge of their bars.  
I grieve more deeply; I have known  
The loneliness of clouds and stars.



## FEATHER IN THE CAP

HELEN MARING

In her cap she wore a wild duck feather  
Proof against rain and the blowing weather.

With mud in the road, and rain in the sky,  
A wild duck feather would help one by.

Boots on her feet and a raincoat's shelter.  
What if the world blows helter-skelter?

Joy in the jaunting . . . Cold has no pain  
On autumn pathways with curtains of rain.

Always, forever, a maid should list'  
To wind in a feather and dreams that persist.

## SWEET CLOVER

ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT

S UDDENLY he became aware that she was not actually looking into his eyes at all—and perhaps had not been since Esteban, in mock embarrassment, had lighted his last panetela. It was only a deflection of a fraction or so of a degree, but this was sufficient to destroy the green limpidity of gaze which had so enchanted him on their first meeting. The invisible dotted line of her glance had been raised slightly off the horizontal until, he imagined with an inner grimace at his mathematical precision, it must be about tangent to the top of his skull. His own head would have twisted involuntarily upward to find what she was so intent upon, had her next remark not forestalled him.

"What was it, darling—ode, elegy, or just plain indolence?"

Granath's face betrayed his bewilderment; and a disgusting qualm passed over him in the suspicion that she was enjoying his uneasiness. Esteban probably was, too. Confound him, he had always been that sort of chap. One could never be quite sure what these foreigners were thinking of. Puff and Wally, on the other hand—

But Clover put an end to his discomfiture, so quickly that he immediately reproached himself for accusing her even to himself of sadism. The word was convenient, but it had an ugly sound, especially when all he had meant was that she had seemed to be enjoying the pain of the person she loved.

"Your hair, sweet—your hair." She leaned over from the chaise longue on which she was reclining, and ran her

fingers through his thick locks. His scalp tingled as it always did when she touched it, but this time little spikes of electricity seemed to follow her nails. He had noticed that she had shaped them to a new pattern—segments of two sharply intersecting arcs, dyed a new shade of cerise. They dug into his skin slightly at the end of each caress. "When did you have it cut last? Were there no barbers in that funny little town you went to out there in those great open spaces? And—why, you're getting positively grizzled!" He jumped as she tweaked a single problematical hair from over his left ear, and held it up triumphantly for Esteban's inspection.

The Spaniard smirked. "Perhaps you are wrong, Clover dear. There are reasons for neglecting one's hair other than poetry, laziness, and a scarcity of barbers. I can think of—two, three—most easily."

"Can you really?" squealed Clover. "Do tell us one."

Puff, who had been sitting on the other side of the room, seemingly engrossed in the dragons on the cold brass andirons and consciously oblivious of the fact that Wally's eyes were forever upon her, now arose and sauntered across the floor. Was she coming to his rescue, Granath wondered? More likely she simply wished to observe his wife at shorter range. Inseparable as the two were, perhaps there was still something left to be learned from Clover about the man-handling art. But as Puff passed near the ottoman on which Esteban was squatting, the Spaniard stopped her with his right hand while nonchalantly flipping his cigar ash off into Clover's tray with his left. Puff looked at him

in weak obedience, and subsided, stretching voluptuously, on her favorite cushion. Wally quietly followed, his large head swaying slightly as he walked, and stood near the French window, from where he could command both the bright garden and the occupants of the room without changing position.

"Remember, Clover dear," said Esteban, "that your husband has been in a very remarkable situation this summer—O, very remarkable. For him. What should a man do in such a place? Teach, you say? Indeed, so was the expectation—so, my mind does not doubt, was the contract. But our dear Granath is not a teacher—he is a poet. Now," he held up a slim olive hand, "I know that all good poets—poets of your husband's school, at least—are also teachers. But the technique! Ah, there is the so great difference. The technique of the professional, the educator, against the technique of the amateur, the artist! I could not bear it—to be a professor among stuffy professors. And your husband, Clover dear, is most certainly an artist. To be an artist—a poet—in a school in those, as you so well say, great open spaces of the West—and a school of young ladies, beautiful young ladies, from only the best families—that is a situation, dear Clover, for a man's concern. Might not a man—an artist—even a poet on the way to becoming a professor—be forgiven for neglecting the barber under such circumstances? Perhaps—who knows?—there was even one particular—one fair, one chaste and unexpressive she—to cross her knees in the front row and remind the poet that he was not yet truly a professor. Besides, my dear Clover, before you



married him even you might have thought long hair romantic in a writer of sonnets. Of course, this is but a theory, a speculation—yet a person can interpret the conduct of others only through his own emotions.”

“Don’t be such a clown, Esteban,” burst out Granath irritably. “Dramatize yourself as much as you like—it’s part of your business; but don’t try to use your ‘art’ on others.”

Esteban—with an accent: what a name for a man! There was something operatic and particularly Mediterranean about it. It reminded him of Bizet—garish songs and garish people behind a superheated proscenium. But of course that was what Esteban would have loved—it was his ambition.

The Spaniard looked hurt, grieved. “Dear friend,” he apologized mildly, “forgive my clumsiness. It was merely my poor attempt to be facetious—to furnish the homecoming with the conventional air of joyousness.” The outrageously deep bass voice blared out on the last phrase so that Wally started; he opened his mouth, showing his fine white teeth, but then closed it again as usual without yielding to his impulse. Esteban’s tone reminded Granath of the irreverence of a muted tuba, breaking into the orchestration like a Bronx cheer.

“Are you trying to give me what is colloquially known as the raspberry?” he inquired calmly. “Because if you are it’s no go. As for my hair, for some queer reason women generally seem to be fond of it. Clover was taken with it at first, just as I was with her eyes. You observed her just now—she wants to run her fingers through it, smooth it—pull it. Isn’t that so, Clover dear?”

This was the right line to take—light, bantering. Meet them on their own ground. But it pained him to be tacitly assuming that his wife was allied against him. Clover—sweet Clover, as he had privately called her in the silly excesses of first love. After all, it was a rather silly sort of name, though once it had made him think of fresh, redolent green fields—of the countryside, clean and sunny, and the pastoral poets of the seventeenth century—of stout old Herrick, of Wither and Browne, and the quaint brothers named Giles and Phineas.

For answer she leaned over once more and combed his still tousled locks with her long, spatulate fingers. Her pointed nails stood out from the blunt tips and left thrilling, stinging furrows behind. But it was an absent-minded, a dutiful sort of fondling, he could tell by its mechanical continuance. He looked at the long oval of her face. A brief ripple of the jaw muscles suddenly swelled under the smartly tintured skin; a stiff tension set the features momentarily in a waxen mask; he knew that his wife had stifled a well-bred yawn.

Granath’s heart thumped and his skin felt moist in an involuntary surge of anger. So Clover was bored, was she, and he home for only three hours after a couple of months’ absence? He grasped her hand, still fumbling with his hair, and pulled it down into his lap with a show of ardent affection, curling and uncurling her fingers with his own and then gently tickling her soft palm. Esteban coughed discreetly in a genteel reminder of his presence.

“How about another cocktail?” he asked. “Esteban, old man, you mix one—the kind that makes you Span-

iards what you are. My wife, you see, won't let me get up." He looked at her sardonically, but her eyes were on the other as he raised his tall body from the ottoman and took the shaker from the cabinet. Puff got up too and followed him luxuriously, her feet tapping sharply, cricket-like, against the hard, shining floor. It was like the slow click of the inevitable castanets whenever any kind of music about Seville is played.

"Come to think of it," Granath went on with conscientious good-humor, while the Spaniard made cunning noises with liquids, glasses, and metals, "there *was* a girl who liked my hair this summer." He paused, waiting for he did not know what—perhaps for the man to crash his shaker melodramatically down upon the polished walnut table or for the woman to jerk her hand from his in mock surprise. From neither did he expect any authentic emotion—it would be play-acting, brittle, self-derisive. And a real emotion would have been shabby under the circumstances; it would have let him down, when he himself could not explain the impulse which had led to his admission.

But Esteban went on shaking cock-tails, perhaps accentuating a little the swishing sound which he generally made between his teeth on such occasions, as if he were currying a horse; and Clover remarked languidly, "Really, darling? How interesting." But she did not even bother to put in an exclamation point after the exclamation.

Well, he could be as casual as they—play the part of a good host and keep the conversation going at any cost.

"Yes, it was rather amusing—though

embarrassing too for both of us. But it really came out quite all right, and we were excellent friends for the rest of the summer. She had good stuff in her—the kind a teacher likes to work with."

Esteban had filled and passed the glasses, and now sat staring straight before him with suspicious indifference. Puff was back on her cushion, her legs stretched out naively. Wally had deserted his position as doorman and had come over to the chaise longue, which he stood so close to that he rubbed against the toe of Clover's Roman sandal. But it was still Puff that he kept his eye upon, Granath observed with a wave of distaste. Wally was getting too old to be like that. It was a positively lickerish expression that he wore; besides, his eyes were swollen and bulgy, and he seemed to be getting some asthmatic obstruction or other in his throat, so that he wheezed a bit in his breathing. Why the beast was almost drooling; it was obscene, and yet Puff and Clover didn't appear to mind or even notice. Granath hurried on with his story to distract himself.

"I see that I shouldn't make much of a teacher of narrative," he confessed. "At least, I've begun my story backward. But it was a course in poetry that I was giving, not fiction."

"All the difference in the world!" murmured Esteban, draining his glass and filling the whole set again. "But even poets have been known to make use of the law of suspense. Some of them are very clever at keeping their conclusions concealed, even after the end of the poem."

Clover tapped him with her cigarette holder. "That's naughty," she admonished. "There should be amity



among the arts.—But what about your pretty girl, darling—she was pretty?”

“Yes, she was pretty, I suppose, if you want to start there. I can hear Esteban grunt skeptically when I say that she was different from the rest. But I don’t take it back. She was rather tall—three or four inches taller than I—so you see, Clover, the protective attitude is ruined at once. She could look after herself, all right. She was dark, and graceful in her bearing—even you, Esteban, would have approved of the way she wore her clothes. Her features—well, it’s funny that I can’t describe them more graphically—but they were small, and they had a perfect, nocturne-like sort of harmony about them.”

Wally moved restlessly and Clover pushed him with her slipper.

“Nocturnes!” muttered Esteban. “Yes, I can understand that. Your husband, Clover, did he ever try the psychoanalysis?”

Granath, joining in the laugh, stood his ground. “Enjoy yourselves as you like,” he said; “but that’s the effect she had on me. And of course I’m only a poet.”

“A very good poet,” insisted Esteban politely.

“A very good poet,” reemphasized Clover. “But what about this mysterious first meeting, now that the rest of the story is quite clear?”

“It’s not a story. It’s just an—episode. It hasn’t any climax or even a point. But you see—I had agreed to give a course in modern poetry, though heaven knows why heads of English departments conclude that because a man is a modern poet he must know something about modern poetry. Anyhow, I assumed that I should have to talk.”

“Lecture, darling,” interposed Clover. “Anyone would think that you had never been to college.” There was malice in her laugh, but he continued to play with her hand.

“Thank you, dearest. Yes, I’m afraid that’s just what I did at first—lectured, because I didn’t know either myself or them well enough to talk. That’s what this girl and her neighbor thought too. For when I suggested that those who had known the Muse themselves, even in the humblest fashion, might let me examine the proofs of their acquaintance, she turned in the manuscripts of three as delicate little lyrics as a teacher would hope to see. But by accident she also turned in an extra sheet from the notebook which had kept her and her neighbor awake while I had—lectured.”

Esteban straightened up. “This has all the fascination of eavesdropping without the throbs of conscience. The girlish confidences had something to do with—hair?”

“They did. It was fortunate for me that I had—hair. For one precise pen that stood up so straight that it did not lean over backward announced: ‘I’m not so sure about this class. He’s stiff and self-conscious. He doesn’t know what to do with his hands and he reads from notes. His mouth isn’t the same on both sides.’ That flattened me, for, with all my gray hairs,” he ducked punctiliously away from Clover, “I am still young enough to retain a little vanity. But I read on. And underneath, in a striking hand that looked like old printing on vellum, I saw: ‘But he has nice hair. I’d like to muss it’.”

Esteban sprang to his feet, almost knocking Wally against Puff’s pillow,

where Wally sank with a sigh of pretended resignation. "And did she?" cried the Spaniard. He turned to Clover. "A bottle of Yardley's to a bottle of whiskey she did!"

"You'd better not be reckless," she answered serenely. "I have lived with my husband for seven years."

"Five," Granath corrected. "Only five, I'm sure. But Clover's right, Esteban. There wasn't anything so romantic—no Spring and Summer (or would you suggest early Autumn, my dear?); nothing that Esteban would have approved. No, just the routine conferences, and the necessary notes I had to put on her papers. We met on the campus a few times, as was natural, and walked a little way together. And once I came across her in the park opposite the house where I was staying, and we sat down and had a bit of a chat. I think she liked me. Incidentally I might add—for Esteban's benefit—that she was married, married very young to a man somewhat older than herself, who thought that she ought to finish her education; I didn't put this in before because I never thought of her as a married woman. But that's all there was to your romance, Esteban." He squeezed Clover's hand twice, as if it were a camera bulb, and carefully replaced it in her lap. He reached for a cigarette.

"Ah so that was why you cheated the barber?" Esteban's voice was again like a muted tuba. "Samson's strength lay in his hair—but you have kept your Delilah occupationless at Sorek. What a pity, Clover, that your husband is not more economical."

"He has always been that way where women are concerned," she responded.

"An excellent husband, always reliable. One can count on him."

That edge to her voice again. Granath heard it and understood it. Well, he would have things out with her when they were alone. Surely it was time for them to be alone now. He had done his duty as a host and had kept his temper perfectly. And he must be making up his mind what line he would take.

"And now, I suppose, you can go back to the meditative life with a clear conscience. That is a lovely thing to have, Granath. And, O!"—Esteban strolled over to the other's chair until he towered above it—"I was reading a novel the other day which you ought to look at. It's about a man who wanted to write a book about the history of mysticism and the life of contemplation through the ages. He loved the seventeenth century, but he had to live in the twentieth. Crashaw and Donne and Vaughan were his metaphysical passions, but he had to keep a publishing business alive and then go to war. And when he was interned in Holland he didn't want to escape; he wanted to stay shut up in his prison and later in his castle tower surrounded by Plato and Aquinas and Henry More. But he found that he couldn't do so. He was reminded that the spiritual had by no means overborne the physical, even in the seventeenth century. The name of this book is *The Fountain*."

"*The Fountain!*" Granath did not try to hide his amazement; indeed, he forgot completely his careful pose. "How remarkable! I told you she was an unusual girl, but I never guessed—Why, do you know, Clover, after the last class in the course she stopped by my desk and asked me if I had read



that book! She said I ought to—I reminded her of the hero, Lewis Alison.”

Esteban’s sudden convulsion was definitely vulgar. It was a whole row of muted tubas, of Bronx cheers, of raspberries. His tall figure folded grotesquely in the middle as he doubled over with laughter. Clover looked at him with a slightly bewildered but sympathetic amusement. In the excitement, Granath, out of the tail of his eye, saw Wally slide stealthily along the floor until his shoulder rubbed Puff’s and she rolled comfortably against it.

Then, through a series of cachinnations, Esteban spoke: “So, Clover, your reflective poet of a husband reminded her of Lewis Alison!—*O santo Dios!*—Lewis Alison!—The great lover who did not know his power over women until one of them told him of it!—The mystic who yielded to the heroine while her middle-aged husband was at the Front!—The girl-wife who had been Alison’s pupil in the days before the War!—He reminded her—!” He choked, and bent toward Clover, fondling her shoulder. “Well, my dear, now we can expect our friend to return most eagerly to God’s Own Country when the next summer recurs, if not before!”

His tone was insinuating and his manner insulting in their assumptions. The sweat again sprang out through all of Granath’s pores, the hair on his arms prickled—not in a slight moisture of irritation this time, but in a billow of wrath. He jumped up, scaring Puff and Wally so that they fled under his feet. He saw them and was reminded of his disgust at their behavior. But what was theirs compared to that of their master and mistress? He saw it clearly now—Wally, Esteban’s satellite; Puff, Clover’s; echoes in a lower world

from the one above it. Above it? He strode to the French window and threw it open. The patch through the hollyhocks and roses was displayed.

“Come here!” he ordered snapping his fingers. “And get out! I’ve seen enough of your ways!” The two disappeared in a rush, Puff pursued by Wally.

“Now,” Granath remarked, wheeling around, his voice trembling and his memory full of the mysterious, withdrawn expression on Janet Carey’s face when she had spoken to him on that last day, “now we can decide what’s going to be done here.”

What was this? Was he going to be mild, intellectual, reasonable again? Had his bristles gone down already and had the sweat dried up on his body? Esteban was smiling derisively, operatically. He saw what was happening—had probably counted on it all along. Well this time he would be surprised to the depths of his Mediterranean soul.

Granath walked deliberately across the room. He looked up into the grinning Spaniard’s face. “On second thoughts,” he said, “you better go too. I’ve seen enough of your ways also. And take this with you!” He struck the other heavily in the face. . . .

“O, you’ve come round,” remarked Clover conversationally. “I told dear Esteban you would when I made him go. He was really much concerned over what happened.” She wrung out another towel in the ice-water from the silver pail which had kept their drinks cool, and substituted it for the one which was already dripping down his neck and onto the chintz of the chaise longue. “You know,” she continued, “I really appreciate what you did a few minutes ago. It was very heroic, and

noble, and touching. And it will give me something to remember you for. You were almost real and convincing, for once. But after all it was so much like a poet or a professor." She turned to pick up her traveling case, which had been standing unobtrusively near the door. "Well, I'll be going now. I'll

send for the rest of my stuff later. O, yes, I almost forgot. There was one thing that Esteban particularly wanted me to tell you. He said, 'Inform our dear friend that he made one only mistake—quite in character. Considering the difference in our weights, he should have used a whiskey bottle'."

## REFUGEES

ALICE SHEFLER MARTIN

I saw them coming down the road today—  
Two little boys who lagged along the way,  
Not cutting circles like small questing dogs,  
Splashing in puddles, clambering over logs,  
As children will. There was a woman too,  
A baby at her breast, a man who drew  
A child's red wagon loaded high and lashed  
And covered with an old brown quilt, mud-splashed.

I walked beside them for a little way  
Along the road. It was a murky day  
With sudden showers that beat against our faces . . .  
A day for fires and books and friendly places.  
"The flood!" the man groaned, "There's a filthy sea  
Where the house stood. It's not so bad for me,  
But Mary . . . and the boys!" He turned his head  
Away, as one turns, weeping, from the dead.

I noticed that the woman's chin was proud.  
She hummed a scrap of tune, or called aloud  
To the small boys. Her eyes were clear and gray  
And looked straight ahead. Beside the way  
I stood and watched them trudging out of sight.  
I hope they find dry firewood tonight. . . .

A loaf of bread . . .

Hay for their bed . . .

In some warm, sheltered, windless place.  
I can't forget that woman's face.



## AFTERMATH OF ECSTASY

ELINOR LENNEN

Life makes a recompense for pain  
In wider sympathy;  
What solace can allay the ache  
Of too great ecstasy?

How shall the heart be satisfied  
Again with little bliss,  
Since it has measured height and depth  
And breadth and length, in this?

## CAPTAIN GUNDAS

GIL MEYNIER

CAPTAIN Gundas had a chair. A large rattan lounging chair he brought back from Australia.

A long passage from Australia to Marseilles! What with many hours spent on deck and the captain's being on the heavy side, the chair was nicely broken in. Never had woven rattan accommodated his thick haunches in quite such comfort.

And never had a chair looked so foreign as it did on the train which brought Captain Gundas and his possessions from Marseilles to this little Normandy village.

He was rather old for a captain. But then it is a matter of record that he had been rather young, for a captain, when he became one. What service he saw during his time in the Army may still provide subject for conversation, back in Australia—or perhaps so many years without promotion merely provide subject for talk. Here, among the peasants, he was known as the Englishman who lives at the hotel.

The chair was placed under a tree

on the terrace across the road from the hotel, facing the tennis court.

Gundas spent his first summer in the village nodding genially to the tennis players and rewarding their most brilliant efforts with appropriate remarks. The wives of the players usually sat in a semi-circle around him.

Yvonne, the maid, who waited on tables, made the beds, served in the bar, peeled vegetables, washed floors and drew baths with equal indifference, was instructed to bring in the captain's chair at night. Which she did, panting far more than necessary behind her heavy bosom.

Now and then the chair remained all night under the tree—when Yvonne managed to call for it about an hour before the captain was ready to leave his post by the tennis court. The captain would wave her away and say, in his remarkably good French:

“My good girl, I need my chair. Where do you suppose I shall sit when I have drinks with my friends who are just finishing their game?”

Yvonne would shuffle away, one heel showing through her black cotton stocking, muttering: "Well, after dinner I'm busy."

Of course if it rained during the day the chair was not brought inside. Only at night.

The Captain was very courteous to the people he knew and he achieved an effect of bonhomie by being gruff but tactful with people who had not been introduced to him. There was nothing particularly martial about Captain Gundas, except that he was tall and held himself straight. He generally wore a tweed coat and dark grey flannels. His flannels were ample in the seat and though he never had them creased there was a nice curved line from his prominent paunch to a point slightly above the ankles where highly polished brown boots began. He carried himself like a thin man in spite of the bulges in the flannels.

Had the public attention not been diverted to the Captain's large rattan chair—it was an arresting object, odd in shape and of imposing size—it would have centered on the Captain's nose. It, too, was odd in shape and of generous proportions. Bulbous and cavernous. It was of a mellow shade of red, speckled with darker red and blue veinlets. A nose that had been exposed to sun, wind and beer and had violently reacted to all three. A nose that would ruin any man's chances for promotion. It leaned almost imperceptibly to the left. Its texture was that of orange skin.

The Captain used red bandannas to blow it.

His cheeks also were bulbous and not quite symmetrical. His fleshy neck had not yet been stiffened by age and

when he reclined on his chair his face would pop out at the most unexpected angles. His mouth was his best feature. His eyes were small and quick. The felt hat he wore, the crown of which was always maltreated, was usually pulled well over his eyes, unless it rested on his knees while he aired the meager remnants of a shock of brown hair.

With some slight effort of imagination, one could picture Captain Gundas looking tense and ferocious under the stress of warfare in some distant and dangerous land. But not very ferocious. At rest he exuded geniality.

And in the little Normandy village he was always at rest.

When summer was over the tennis players left and the artists who lived in the village during the warmer seasons drifted back to town. Paris was only two hours away. The Captain stayed on. Yvonne, in spite of lighter duties, was still surly.

When winter came the Captain was the only guest at the hotel. He sat in the public room where the peasants came to drink. He sat at a table by the window and through the thin curtains he could keep an eye on the road, on the terrace and the tennis court, and about a mile of the valley which ended abruptly at the foot of a brown hill. He never drank with the peasants. Or they never drank with him. Except the mayor who shared a bottle with him, self-consciously, on Sundays.

On warm afternoons he took a rug and sat in his chair under the bare tree. Yvonne didn't approve of his taking a blanket from his bed.

She didn't approve of the stack of English newspapers that grew steadily under the wash-stand in his room. The



magazines on the table near the window she did not mind.

These were all the mail ever brought him. Except a letter on the first of every third month.

It was not an official looking letter. The landlord wondered when and how the Captain received his pension. If he did receive a pension.

When the letter came the Captain paid his bills. Or rather part of his bills as he kept something for pocket money. They would not let him charge outside expenses. Anything he had in the hotel went on the bill, but tobacco and matches and shoe-laces and writing-paper were cash. So the Captain was always behind.

Some of the summer people occasionally came back for week-ends. They were glad to see the Captain. They would have been glad to see any other member of the summer colony, but they pretended they were especially pleased at seeing him.

The people who came were those he had liked the least. They asked him what he was going to do for Christmas. Would he have midnight supper with them in Paris?

"No, as much as I'd like to . . . but I think I shall go to England," said the Captain. He wished somebody he liked better had asked him. Really asked him. To a house-party over the Christmas holidays. Not just to supper. Then perhaps he would have gone.

The Captain sat near the window and when he was not playing solitaire or doing the puzzles in the *Daily Mail* he looked out across the valley and thought of Christmas. Two hours to Paris. Seven hours to London. England was nine hours away. If he left tonight he would get there tomorrow.

Or if he left in the morning he would be there for dinner. But his next money would not come until after Christmas.

He would go if it were suggested to him. . . . The Captain called for some note-paper. And when Yvonne delayed bringing it he went to the small store run by the hotel and got it himself. At the same time he took a bottle of beer from the icebox and a glass and settled down to write to England.

The village post-office was located in the hotel. At the back of the little store. It made it easy to see that the letter was duly sent off. The landlord, who was also the postmaster, stamped the envelope so hard with his date stamp that the Captain was afraid the letter itself might have been injured. It would make a bad impression.

While he waited for the answer some of the artists came back for a short stay. He got drunk with them. There was an argument about the bar bill and the Captain told one of them he was a cheap little bounder. The next day, still drunk, he complained that Yvonne had charged him for drinks he had not ordered.

That afternoon the answer came. A short note from the family solicitors saying that his suggested visit to England had not met with approval and was in direct contradiction with the agreement, yours faithfully. And there would be no advance remittance.

He looked at his own letter. They had returned it. There was a mark where the landlord had stamped it.

It snowed the day before Christmas. On New Year's eve he caught cold. Yvonne did not make his bed for three days.

The peasants missed him but did not

inquire. As Yvonne made regular trips to his room with bottles and fresh glasses they knew he was still there. In their simple code of ethics a drunkard is rated low. The only man lower than a drunkard is the one who does not drink at all. The Captain had shown that he could consume vast quantities of alcohol and still retain his dignity. He was held in esteem by the peasants.

Once Yvonne complained to the postman—who spread the story—that the Captain had pinched her in the fat part of her back. But the peasants did not think less of the Captain for that.

When he recovered from his cold he started taking short walks up the road. The village was small but spread over a mile and a half along a road that wound its way on the flank of a hill. At the foot of the hill the floor of the valley began and stretched over to the brown hill, a mile away. The houses were far apart and stood on the hill side of the road. At the other end of the village there was a small tobacco shop in which the Captain used to stop for a drink when he had the money.

The chair still stood under the tree on the terrace. Its bright colors had turned to a deep grey and its fibers had become brittle. He seldom used it now.

Spring came. The peasants were away from the village most of the day, working in the fields, and the summer colony dribbled back.

That year the social activities centered around a barn in which a painter had made his studio. The same painter whom the Captain had called a cheap little bounder. So Captain Gundas spent most of his time near the tennis court. The two couples who were such good players did not come that year.

New people took their place. Lemonade drinkers!

The people he liked best could not stay for the summer but they managed to descend upon the village for week-ends. They would arrive in rowdy, boisterous moods and insist that the Captain join in their revelries. That year he was drunk every Saturday night. He came very near catching up with his bills because the week-enders always paid for his drinks. Knowingly or not.

The landlord, who knew that the Captain could not possibly pay for today's drinks and last month's rent at the same time, made a practice of charging his drinks to whomever he happened to be sitting with. And when the Captain spoke to him—some people had made very unpleasant remarks—the landlord, with a full house to worry over, had no time to be polite about it.

During the week the Captain was left very much to himself.

His face puffed out a little and new veins began to show on his nose.

In the morning he sat in the red tiled public room near the window and worked. He would spread his newspapers and magazines on the table, get up to fetch some envelopes, make another trip for ink, and spend the entire forenoon in deep concentration. If an idle visitor tried to engage him in conversation the Captain would wave him away:

"My dear fellow, don't speak to me now, I'm very busy. This may mean ten pounds to me, and I can use the money. I must get it off this afternoon."

And he would return to the crossword puzzle contest in which he hoped to win at least one of the minor prizes.



The words never quite fitted. There were always some very unintelligible squares. But off they would go by the afternoon mail with the mention: "Solved by Captain G. W. B. Gundas in 1 h, 49 m."

Sometimes he worked on the "how many grains of wheat in a quart bottle" problems.

Once in a while he bought lottery tickets that were offered to him through obscure channels. He managed to interest one of the visitors in the lottery. They went fifty-fifty on a ticket. Somehow the Captain did not quite get around to securing the ticket but it did not matter as they probably would not have won. So he kept the money.

A remark he made caused a few frigid moments. In one of his sober and misanthropic moods he had been heard to say that a certain couple, whose union (as everyone knew), had not received benefit of clergy, should not be allowed on the tennis court. Of course he never explained that their playing merely happened to keep a foursome he liked from using the court for the best part of an afternoon. He was never asked to explain. The landlord told him to refrain from offending the summer guests. And the friendly foursome was not at all grateful to him for his effort.

One day he found that the front legs of his chair had been broken. It was the middle of summer and a lot of undesirable families had come to the village. He suspected some of the ill-mannered children of having damaged his chair. They were a destructive lot. He propped the sagging end of his chair on a small wooden bench and

asked the gardener to repair it when he had time.

The gardener never got around to it.

The last week-end of the season brought complaints from the more conservative element of the colony. The Captain and his friends had made ungodly noises, late at night, when it was apparently decided that the Captain should be put to bed by his friends. They invaded the wrong rooms, stole several pairs of shoes—found the next day on the tennis court—tried to plant the Captain with an old couple, and generally behaved in such a way that even the artists thought they had gone a little too far.

The Captain was discovered, the next morning, asleep in the bathroom with several bottles the landlord could not account for.

Shortly after this, all the summer visitors having left, the Captain remembered that his friends had invited him to spend a few days in Paris.

The landlord made it very plain that he did not like the idea of trips to Paris when there were so many unpaid bills. Which made it difficult for the Captain to ask him to advance the money for the railroad ticket.

October was a sober month. The Captain sat near the window and worked at his puzzles. The landlord often sat with him. The Captain did not like the ungentlemanly way in which the landlord treated him to drinks. The landlord's manners as a host were very bad.

"About these bills," said the landlord one day, "why don't you turn over your pension to me. I'll keep your money for you and that way you would not have bills hanging over you."

"My pension . . . I see," said the Captain.

"Don't you get a pension?"

"Well . . . ah, . . . no. I don't get a pension. I . . . ah, . . . left the army. I resigned. Quit, you know."

"Oh . . . and you get no pension. Don't they give pensions in your army?"

"No. Yes, but not always."

There was a moment of silence. The Captain did not like this conversation. Nosey old innkeeper. That's the way they get if you allow them any familiarities.

"My good man I don't see . . ."

But the landlord had been thinking things over. There were things that he could not quite understand.

"But, Captain, I don't see how you live if you don't get a pension."

"My good man, I get money from home." The Captain was rather curt. As curt as he could be and still remain on good terms with his landlord.

"Well, why don't you ever go home? To England. They'd take care of you. This is no way to live . . . running up bills . . . what if you were ill all of a sudden. Why don't you go home?"

"Well . . .," said the Captain.

Damn it, did he have to tell this uncouth little rotter all about his family affairs? Didn't the fellow get enough of the money as it was? A man doesn't go around telling strangers that family reasons keep him away from home. Or that he's been kicked out of the Army.

He didn't have to tell the landlord any of his secrets. This peasant had already guessed that if a man leaves the army and travels all the way from Australia to within seven hours of home and doesn't go any farther, there must be something. And why did he

not stay in Australia? There must be something there too.

There were no friendly talks between the Captain and his landlord from then on. He paid as much of his bills as he felt inclined, keeping a little more pocket money each time. And the landlord did not say anything.

The Captain went to bed early at night.

Christmas was very dull.

He spent his afternoons at the other end of the village, in the tobacco store. He started to drink apple brandy. It was very inexpensive.

He missed a meal, now and then, when he felt too drowsy to walk back to the hotel.

One night, feeling hungry, he got up and groped his way to the kitchen. He looted the ice chest and, going through the bar, he took two bottles of beer. He thought he'd tell the landlord the next morning so that his midnight supper could be charged on his bill.

The next morning he thought he'd wait and see if the landlord had noticed anything. A good joke, this going to the kitchen at night. No, the landlord didn't seem to have noticed. After lunch the Captain told him about his raid on the ice-box.

"That's all right," said the landlord.

The Captain said nothing about the two bottles of beer.

He got up several times, at night, during the following month.

Then he found that the door between the kitchen and the bar had been padlocked.

The landlord bought new iron tables with striped awnings for his terrace. The Captain's dilapidated chair was put away in the tool shed at the far end of the backyard. The following



spring the hotel cat made it a nest for its litter of kittens.

Yvonne stopped circulating tales about the Captain. Before summer arrived she put a neat patch in his grey flannels.

Some of the summer families did not come back and the landlord thought that possibly the Captain had offended them. He asked him not to mingle with guests and moved him to a room in the annex.

The Captain gave up puzzle contests as hopeless. He made daily trips to the tobacco store. On the fourteenth of July he had a fight with three laborers. It started in the tobacco store when they sang a dirty song about the Queen of England. The Captain was charged for a dozen glasses and a broken marble table-top. Of course he could not pay.

He considered going to another vil-

lage about three miles away. There was a four-room inn and no summer colony. The innkeeper was a retired sergeant.

The Captain decided to move.

The landlord did not say anything about the bills but offered to lend him a truck to cart away his belongings.

When he left, half a mile from the hotel he had the truck turn back to get his chair. It was dragged out of the tool shed and loaded on the truck. Its broken front legs hung over the tail-board.

The Captain climbed next to the driver.

"That damned landlord wanted to keep my chair," he said.

He stayed three years at the other village. Yvonne used to come and see him on her day off. But he got tired of her and moved again.

## JUPITER

WITTER BYNNER

Now something strange has happened and a turn  
Comes from the mountains, loosing melted snow  
In valley fields. The ditch is loose to go  
Its way again and leaps and seems to burn  
With the fertile touch of water upon seed.  
The mighty cottonwood leans from his root  
Deep into earth to lift his yearly fruit,  
As Jupiter leaned down to Ganymede.  
The cupbearer has come, whose wine is good  
For all these human hearts and makes them sing  
As elemental and unquestioning,  
As any bird upon a bit of wood. . . .  
For so, in spring, the nesting of a wren  
Becomes the flight of Jupiter again.

## WHAT RESPITE, HEART?

MAUD E. USCHOLD

What respite, heart, in foreign places?  
There is no peace for hearts that bleed  
For home and unforgotten faces  
That grow on thought like fertile seed.

From ends of earth I hear them calling:  
The bud-blurred trees in April rain;  
Birds singing when slow dusk is falling  
Will take me back again.

O foolish heart, wounded past bearing,  
Better that we should boldly hie  
Back to the old torment, despairing  
Of memories that crucify.

## WE AIN'T LAZY, WE'RE DREAMING

NORMAN MACLEOD

The wild geese flank the massing of the sky,  
Heavy with clouds above the mountain tops  
Leaning against the west, and we  
Are in motion as surely as the hawks  
Fly over slowly above the ground  
Looking for prey. With heads reclining  
Upon locked fingertips the sun  
Burns the lid of our eyes so that  
Veins are a purple filigree for the iris  
Of our sight, and blood pounds  
Feverishly over the eyeballs. At times  
Like this the memory is soothed  
With sunlight and pebbles impale  
The print of a frock on the beach of sand,  
Looking over the lakes of trout  
To the breaks where ducks seek cover.  
It is a large land for the mind  
To hold, but the body is pulse  
Of the rivers in defiles of rock  
And slow as this altitude of soil  
To flower with the springtime of birth.



## AFTER SANDRA

MORTON ELIOT FREEDGOOD

**S**HE was healthy, strong, but she went

*She was beautiful. She didn't look sick until the end, then she turned a little blue*

*She was so sweet, so good, so patient  
She was marvelous, the nurses loved her*

*She was so sweet at the end, she said  
mamma don't cry*

She was. . . .

There were three doctors: one commuted from Philadelphia daily. They decided that she had spinal meningitis and that she would shortly have to die. After the ninth day at the hospital they said she would die any hour now. After the fourteenth day one of the doctors stopped coming. They were positive she was going to die that night. Her temperature was 106, her pulse was 120. The Philadelphia doctor, who was the best of the three, came daily, gravely, until the twenty-first day: then he stopped coming: she was dead. On the twentieth and twenty-first days they paid a woman who was a Christian Scientist fifteen dollars a day to sit at Sandra's bedside and pray for her. They didn't believe in Christian Science, but they were willing to believe in it if it could keep Sandra alive. The woman was conscientious and sincere: she prayed hard and she was really worth what they paid her. But Sandra died on the twenty-first day from spinal meningitis. Before he left for the last time the doctor from Philadelphia said that she had shown remarkable stamina, and that she had made a splendid fight. He thought he would

write a paper on the case for a medical magazine. The nurses at the hospital all loved her. She died easily, without much pain, although she turned blue at the end.

Grandma was the least shocked of anybody. That was because she could understand what had happened. The others couldn't because their memory was disciplined. They remembered about marriages, anniversaries, birthdays. She knew that those weren't the real things, they were just the important things. Elinor clasped the nails of her right hand into the flesh of her left *oh my baby oh my lamb with your young flesh cold your blood your heavy lids closed down tight and shut dark*. A short time ago, thirty-six years in August, little Ted stepped off the curb and under the hooves of the fire-engine team. The lead horse faltered a brief moment, then its hoofbeats picked up the rhythm again, and the red hosecar followed clanging. Someone brought him in and laid him on the table. He was dead. There was scarcely any blood, but he was dead with a faint spray of manure powderlike on his sandy hair. Why don't they remember little Ted, and that children have died before? The short unwisdom of their memories. Ted's life had gone out in a flurry of hot dust in the gutter, with the horses' hooves spanking the cobblestones and the fireengines clanging. Sandra's last gasp brought in air tainted heavy with antiseptics. There was a Christian Scientist convoking strange spirits, and moaning from an anguished choir of relatives to a more familiar

god. Grandma thought: There is no difference. There is no difference, my son and my granddaughter died in the same way *Remember, children, your brother Ted, brother for a brief moment, Sandra my grandchild, for a brief moment, for a brief moment your child Elinor and Howard, your lovely niece, you others . . . try to comfort yourselves.*

There was a good deal of crying at the funeral *the poor dear, she looks like a little doll.* No matter what else you said about the family, they stuck together in times of stress. Everyone cried and looked grimly at one another and spoke gently *she looks to be asleep, but how like a doll.* A few of the older children were there. They were allowed to look at Sandra's body in the casket. During the eulogy they giggled a good deal because they were nervous with excitement and not understanding. Everyone was nice to them with an absent-minded gentleness *seven, she hadn't begun to live her little life yet.* Grandma broke down near the end of the services and Arthur and Paul carried her outside and laid her on a sofa. There was a special nurse there to look after her. The children were taken home: they were not allowed to go to the cemetery. Everyone felt very deeply for Elinor and Howard. Elinor fainted three times. Howard cried miserably. Everyone looked at each other in gentle agony. A death brings out all of the sweetness that is in people.

## II

There was no more sending Sandra to school. She could sleep all morning. She slept all morning, with the blinds up, with the sun warm through the windows on her face and on her body under

the bedclothes. In the afternoon she sat on the sunporch with the sun warm through the windows on her eyelids swollen over her dull eyes. She never bothered to use makeup anymore. Not even powder. She was going on her fourth week without a visit to the beauty parlor, and the wave was going out of her hair. There was an old wicker armchair on the porch: it became her favorite seat. She rocked like an old lady *dead buried child of mine buried in my heart and out there you will fill out there with your body how much of it has not gone into the earth in my heart is fullness emptiness with the spirit of you what is the spirit I never knew anything of it but I knew the body the two arms the legs the eyes the black hair I'll never cut my child's beautiful black hair the man came to take moving pictures in a welter of pillows on the sofa laughing crying her tan chubby legs her fists beating the pillows your child should be in the movies oh my babylove oh Sandra*

Elinor's grief is heavy. It bends her, keeps her rocking. It hangs heavy on her bending her.

Howard holds his grief better. He works hard and drinks hard from the gallon jug behind the desk at the office.

*I knew her longer than you did*

They came down to visit her every day. They sat and did talking while she sometimes listened. She listened while they spoke of movies, dresses, and people: she let go of her grief for a moment. When they spoke of her, when they told her, forget, she didn't listen rocking hard. When they told her, stop that endless rocking, she rocked not listening.



It made no difference to her whether or not they came to see her.

They came early in the afternoon and they began to leave when the spring sun started to burn cold and thin through the windows. Grandma sometimes stayed later, not speaking *how can I speak, daughter, I fainted too. I have the wisdom of my years, I have the wisdom that Ted gave to me. How can I teach it to you? The nurse had her palm soft against my brow and I woke wondering can't I be taught?* rocking her body in an unrocking chair.

Howard came home in the chill sparse dusk. He was very good to her. They were very good to each other. She waited for him after the sun had gotten tired of waiting. Dusk came and they waited. That moveless mute waiting was the only other thing she knew.

### III

They sent a wire to the doctor in Philadelphia who had attended Sandra. There were plenty of doctors in New York that they might have called in, but they had a lot of confidence in the Philadelphia doctor. They remembered how he had remained until the end, how he had come in from Philadelphia each day although he knew ten days before that Sandra had to die. He wrote articles for a medical magazine. They had great confidence in his ability and in his integrity.

There was some dissension before they sent the wire. Grandma had wanted to consult Howard. The others had been against it. Howard would never agree. He doesn't try to help Elinor, he certainly won't try to help us help her. If anyone could bring her out of it, it was Howard. But he doesn't even try. He tells us my God I can't tell her

anything that'll hurt her, I try to tell her, but she doesn't listen to me *I don't try to tell her, she thinks I'm an ally in her isolation. If I try to tell her she would feel betrayed. Can I look into the accusing hurt of her eyes?* Grandma was overruled. We must help her, we must help them both in spite of themselves.

Paul met the doctor at the station. Driving, he told him: Its been three months since, doc. She does nothing but sit all day and brood. She never goes out of the house. We even do her shopping for her. At first she used to listen to us, and sometimes answer. Now she doesn't even notice us when we talk to her. She sits on a rocker all day and just thinks. She keeps looking straight in front of her. Her eyes look empty. Her husband can't help any, he's afraid he'll hurt her if he tries to tell her anything. The whole thing looks pretty bad, doc, and we're all worried about Elinor. We're afraid she's, well —not just right. . . .

The doctor said hello to her. She looked at him and said hello doctor. Her face was blank and her voice was empty; only her words recognized him. He sat down and began to talk to her. He asked her questions in a quiet intimate voice. She answered some of his questions. Sometimes she said nothing, and then he would repeat his question. Then her face would grimace evasively, petulantly, like a lying baby's: don't ask me. After awhile he gave up questioning her and he began to say the things that they had all been saying to her. She never answered the others: she answered them to herself. But this was the doctor. She told him what she

always told the others to herself: I killed Sandra, I killed my own baby. It was my fault. Sandra wanted to take a bath, I said no, wait for the morning. She pestered me and finally I let her take a bath. If I didn't let her my baby would still be living. She caught cold that night and later she got spinal meningitis. It was my fault. I let her take a bath, and then she got a cold, and then she died. How can I have any peace? How can I do anything? It was my fault that my baby died. I didn't have to let her take a bath. . . .

She finished and she began to rock. Her dry eyes were wet for the first time since the funeral *my eyes have been dry Sandra crying for you I killed you there was a drouth crying dryeyed I killed*

The doctor took Paul aside and said to him: I'm going to have to call another man in: a psychiatrist. I think he'll be able to fix her up all right.

The psychiatrist's name was Dr. Zorn. He was a big man. The Philadelphia doctor said he was one of the biggest of his kind. They stood on the steps, the two doctors talking Paul ringing the doorbell. Howard opened the door. What are you doing home from work, Howard?

Howard was pale. His nostrils were flared. He said: You can't come in. I won't let you in. You had no right calling a doctor without letting me know. I'm her husband, I have a right to know. I can't let you in. Its not because I'm mad that I'm not letting you in, Elinor doesn't want any doctors *doctors for Sandra, Howard, not for me.*

*Can they make Sandra alive, Howard?* I'm sorry, but I can't let you in. . . .

He shut the door.

Paul looked at the doctors. The Philadelphia doctor pursed his lips. That's too bad, he said. Dr. Zorn said impatiently, well, we can't accomplish anything standing out here. Paul apologized to both doctors.

The family held a conference that night. They came to the conclusion that Howard had acted as he did because he was piqued that they had called a doctor without telling him. They decided we'll wait a few days to give him a chance to cool off, and then we'll have a real serious talk with him about bringing the doctor in again. . . .

That was Tuesday. On Thursday Howard phoned Paul. His voice was pitched high and trembling where it got in the way of his excitement: Come right over, Paul. Bring a doctor with you. She's all right. No, any doctor'll do. You can bring grandma with you if you want to. No, nobody else.

At first everyone was somewhat shocked to think that Elinor and Howard. . . in her condition . . . we never even dreamt . . . it never even occurred to us that they might be . . . . But then they were happy when they realized that now she was getting better. She has an appointment at the beauty parlor already, she's getting downtown to do some shopping tomorrow, she's getting around fine, isn't it wonderful. . . .

Everyone laughed when Paul said: Well, I bet the psychiatrist couldn't have done a better job.



## INDIAN BURIAL

BERTRAM GUTHRIE

Let lie the stifling sod! I choose instead  
To rest in death like ancient Indian dead,  
Bound in a tree by some far-western hill,  
Companion to the wide horizons still.  
Thus will I hear the wild goose overhead,  
The killdeer calling in the dusky chill;  
Feel blizzard and chinook and gaze until  
My soul flows with the plains' majestic spread.

"Of dust to dust returneth" never could  
Be true of hearts that leap to sounding wings.  
Aye, bind me to a bough of cottonwood  
And keep me one with these ancestral things!—  
I spring from sun and wind and birds in flight,  
And coyotes crying query to the night.

## THE OPEN RANGE

### HOW JOE CRAWFORD'S GREAT GRAND- MOTHER WAS CAPTURED BY THE UTES

ALDEN B. STEVENS

*(Note:—This is a free translation of a story told in the Navaho language by Joe Crawford, a young Indian who lives near Fort Defiance. He told the story as if it had occurred in the remote past to some unknown or mythical woman. Later he said the story was that of his own great grandmother. Joe's grandfather, old Billy Crawford, is said to be half Ute, though he himself doesn't admit it. Joe could not say how or where the name "Crawford" got into the family. Old Billy never went to school, so perhaps some trader attached it to him or to his mother's husband.)*

THE traveler was very tired and cold. He had come a long way since morning, and he had eaten nothing on the trail. His feet were sore and his legs ached. Snow had been falling since sunset, and added greatly to the difficulty of walking along a trail he did not know. There was a

moon, but very little of its light filtered through the falling snow, and the traveler realized that he must soon find a place to spend the night or he would freeze.

He thought he saw a light in the distance, and turned his steps in its direction. As he approached he saw that the light was made

by a fire inside a hogan, and he knew that he was safe for the night. It seemed to him that he had walked many times the distance before he reached it, but this only increased his satisfaction when he came to the hogan and looked in at the door.

A young girl and an old woman were inside, but no man. So the stranger hesitated; but the old woman beckoned to him to enter, for she saw that he was a Navaho and that he was tired and cold. She pointed out to him a place on the floor where he could sleep, and when he had removed his coat and shoes (for it was quite warm inside the hogan), the young girl brought him food. He ate all he wanted, and as he ate he noticed that the old woman was watching him closely, though she said nothing until he had finished.

As soon as the stranger had finished his meal the old woman began asking him about himself—where was he from, where was he going, how many sheep had he, how many children had he, and other questions such as these. She asked him so many things that the girl remonstrated with her, saying the man was tired, and needed to sleep. But the old woman paid no attention and continued to ask the traveler about the world outside. He told her of many things she knew nothing about—of great puffing things which were not animals but which lived and ran along metal trails, far to the south, sometimes faster than a good horse. He told her of cities filled with pink-faced men who did not understand the Navaho or Hopi languages or even Spanish. She had heard of these men and asked if they understood Ute, and he said they did not, but spoke a new language.

All this interested the old woman, for she lived far away, north of the Hopi country, near the great cliff houses, and she had heard little of the habits of the strange white people to the south. She begged the traveler to tell her more, for, she said, "few strangers come this way." Even the words she used seemed to him different; they were Navaho, but they were somehow not the same as his. The girl again said their guest should be allowed to sleep, but the old woman answered, "No, no, I want to get what I can from him, then I shall tell him my

story." So when the traveler had told her everything he knew, the old woman began.

"Long ago," she said, "when I was young, I herded sheep for my family. I was nearly ready to marry, but I was not quite sure I liked the man well enough. He was a little strange. He talked to himself most of the time, but some days he would not talk at all. A few days before the wedding was to have taken place, I was herding my sheep in a valley some distance from my family's hogan. I should not have gone so far away, because the Utes were about, making raids on the Navahos and stealing their sheep and their girls. I kept a sharp lookout, but everything seemed very quiet and peaceful. Later in the afternoon, however, I saw a large number of men riding toward me, running their horses very fast. At first I was not sure whether they were Navahos or Utes, but soon I saw that they were Utes, and I jumped on my horse and started toward our hogan. I was very frightened. But the men came fast and they caught me and tied my arms behind my back. Then one of them tied a rope around my horse's neck and led me behind him.

"We started north. The Utes drove some of my sheep before them, and at sunset we camped at the "prairie dog hill." They ate some of my sheep, but they did not hurt me. Early in the morning we went on northward, going into a deep canyon with steep sides, and traveling along the sandy bottom for many miles, until the canyon opened out into a plain. From there we traveled very fast northward, and that night the Utes ate more of my sheep, but I would not eat any. I did not know what would happen to me. The Utes killed as many of my sheep as they could carry on their horses, and the next day we went on through the place where the ground is blue, and then we came to the great river of the north. When we had crossed the water the band divided, half going one way and half the other. Soon the group I was with began to split also. Finally there were only three men left together, and they stopped and talked. I could not understand their language, but I knew they were talking about me. The man who had been leading my horse struck one of the others, who fell, and I knew that the first man was to have me.



"After a little while we reached his old camp. He told me to get supper, and I started to gather some firewood, but all the time I was planning how I could get away from him and go back to my own people. I built a fire and carved some meat from the sheep he had brought tied to his saddle—my own sheep. I cooked it for him and he ate it, but I would not eat anything.

"For many days he did not let me out of his sight at all. Then he began to trust me a little more, for he saw that I was quiet and was not trying to run away. But I was only pretending to be content, and I was still thinking about my people and my own country. I wanted to go back to them. I did not let him see this; I made him think I wanted to stay.

"One day the Ute was sitting on a rock ledge sharpening a stick. He worked for a time on this and finally had a very sharp point on one end of it. All the time he was working on the stick I was watching him through the corner of my eye, for I thought I saw my chance coming, and I did not want to fail to escape when I could.

"When he had finished the point and smoothed it by rubbing on a stone he put the point of the stick into his ear to clean out the wax. I picked up a heavy rock and started toward him without making any noise. But he turned and saw me; so I pretended to be carrying the stone to the fireplace. Soon he started to clean the wax from his other ear, and my heart beat very fast as I thought of my home. I did not like to do it, because I had come to like the man who had stolen me, but still I wanted to see my own people again. So I came close to him, carrying the large stone in my hand. He did not hear me this time, and he did not turn.

"Suddenly I ran at him with the stone in my hand, and I struck the end of the stick with the flat side of the stone as hard as I could, and the point was driven through his

ear into his head the length of a thumb. He fell over on his side without a sound, for he had died instantly. For a minute I was sorry, because he had been kind enough to me; kinder than most Utes would have been. But then I thought of my own people and my own country, and I was glad because I was going home.

"I saddled my horse and started south. I followed the trail on which we had come as nearly as I could remember it, but several times I got lost. I was in the country of the Utes, and I had to watch for men all the way, because if anyone saw me, I should not have been allowed to go on. I rode as fast as I could, and I even rode at night, for there was a moon; but my horse grew tired and I had to stop.

"I went on the next day and the next day after that. I had very little food and I did not dare to stop or try to get any, so for the last two days of my trip homeward I ate nothing at all. But I forgot how hungry I was when I began to see familiar places, because I knew that I was almost home.

"When I came into the valley in which our hogan was I saw my uncle taking a little dirt from the ground, and when I approached he looked up but did not seem to know me at first. Then he saw that it was really his niece, and he dropped the dirt he had picked up. I saw that it had come from a footprint I had made a long time before, in the soft mud. The mud had hardened, and my uncle was taking a bit of it to use in a death ceremony for me, because everybody thought I was dead.

"But instead of the death ceremony my family had a great feast to celebrate my return, and everyone was very happy. A little while after this I married the man I spoke of when I began my story. Now, what do you think of my story?"

But the traveler had fallen asleep, and did not hear her question. The old woman was angered, and kicked at him, but he only moaned, and went on sleeping.

# LOUSY HANK

FRANK B. LINDERMAN

ONE may declare that there is no such thing as luck, and yet if he recognizes the eccentricities of fortune he will feel the need of some such term. Management will not answer. Management may play a part after fortune has dealt her favors, and not before. To fall headlong on a mountain-side and skin one's nose in contact with an hitherto undiscovered out-cropping of rich, auriferous ore is pure luck. Management, good or bad, follows the fall. Fate, destiny, foreordination, may sound heavier and more learned than luck; nevertheless they are equally vague, and more or less synonymous. Luck is common, may bed down with anybody anywhere; and yet, with all her freakish cheating, luck was Marysville's patron saint. We knew that she might suddenly visit the camp in any guise. More than once she appeared in Marysville as dire misfortune; and then when her ruse had tricked us all she unmasked to smile warningly at the weakness of our faith.

When the pay-gravel in Cave gulch petered out Marysville gained a citizen. Nobody knew anything about him, excepting that he was known by the name of Lousy Hank, and that he had loose habits in both dress and deportment. Perhaps, upon his arrival in Marysville, Lousy Hank might have commanded more attention if the camp's citizens had not been so worried about the new drifts in the Drum Lummon. The new station had been cut, and drifting pushed for more than three months, and yet no pay had been encountered on the new level. Could the great lead of the Drum Lummon have pinched? Was old Marysville to become a ghost-camp? One did not ask these questions, and yet they were uppermost in everybody's mind. It was even whispered that merchants were cancelling their orders for goods, and we knew that already a number of miners had left the gulch for other camps, so that when Lousy Hank came to Marysville nobody noticed him.

If Hank heard the rumors which were disturbing us all he gave them no thought, and immediately took up with Steve Decker who

hadn't a care in the world. Decker was well connected, so Marysville believed, probably because his brother owned a street railway in an eastern city, and the Piedmont mine in Marysville. Anyhow Decker's habits were such as to attract Lousy Hank, and the two became inseparable. There was no real harm in either of them, and yet neither would work, and both would drink. Hank was tall and heavy. Decker was thin and short. Hank hadn't a cent to his name. Decker drew a monthly salary from a position he held in the office at the Piedmont mine. His position was in reality a sinecure, but neither Decker nor Lousy Hank were sensitive about such matters. Decker's credit was good in Marysville, so that he and Lousy Hank got hilariously tight the night they got acquainted. Sometime before morning the two got themselves up to the Piedmont, and there Hank went to bed with Decker. They were so wholly unreliable, so utterly improvident, and so perfectly congenial that Hank remained at the Piedmont with Decker. This arrangement proved beneficial to both, since it afforded Hank a needed haven, and enlivened Decker's days at the mine.

The tramway from the Piedmont mine to the mill was long and somewhat rickety. In its center, high above the ground, there was a diamond switch where the loaded car coming down from the mine to the mill passed the empty car going back to the mine. The diamond switch did not always work as intended. Sometimes the loaded car would be derailed at the switch and dump its ore to the ground beneath the tramway. This was annoying to the industrious top-men and millmen, but not to Lousy Hank and Decker. These worthies found both excitement and refreshment in the eccentricities of the rickety tramway and its crotchety switch by betting drinks on the trips of the loaded cars. Decker would wager that a car of ore coming slowly down from the mine to the mill would spill at the switch; Hank would bet that the car would land safely at the mill. And the outcome was always satisfactory to both, since win or lose there was a



drink in sight for both whenever a loaded car left the mine. All that was required of the loser was to uncork and pass the bottle of whisky; and Decker furnished the liquor. Meanwhile Marysville's troubles were multiplying. By now everybody knew that the owners of the Drum Lummon had met adversity on the mine's lower level, and that Drum Lummon stock had fallen to nearly nothing. But these ominous tidings did not agitate Lousy Hank and Decker who spent their days betting on the cars on the Piedmont tramway and their evenings in the saloons in Marysville.

But one day when they were sitting in the office window with their bottle between them the Piedmont cars came down the tramway so often that there was but little time between drinks. Both Lousy Hank and Decker got drunk; and in reaching for the bottle to pay a lost bet Hank fell out of the window to the rocks twenty feet below and broke his leg.

The Doctor had him taken to a house in Marysville where he could be given attention. He banned liquor, and forbade Decker to visit Lousy Hank. The house belonged to a Cornish miner who had worked in the Drum Lummon for years as shaft boss. The man's wife and daughter were natural nurses, and Decker agreed to pay them for their services. There was but a single flaw in the whole arrangement. The house was the gathering place for several Cornishmen who worked as miners in the Drum Lummon, and sometimes they held parties there talking, and drinking, and singing, over their beer until a late hour in the night. However it was the best the Doctor could do, and Hank got along amazingly.

But things were not going so well in Marysville. The Drum Lummon mill first hung up twenty stamps, then fifty stamps, and finally shut down altogether for want of ore. Whole shifts of miners in the upper workings were thrown out of employment; and there was no pay on the lower level. The big Drum Lummon lead had pinched out. Already there were many houses for rent in Marysville.

However, the Doctor appeared to be busier than ever. Perhaps the general state of mind in the camp made extra work for him.

Anyhow he was always driving about the gulch, and over the hills. One day when he had to go up Penobscot way I went with him. Upon our return to Marysville the Doctor stopped to call on Lousy Hank. "Come in," he urged me, "He'll be glad to see you."

I could scarcely recognize the man in bed there as Lousy Hank. He had lost much flesh; and, cleanly shaven, he looked neat, well-bred. His face, whitened by confinement, seemed intelligent, and yet there was something disturbing about his eyes. They looked wild, feverishly excited, as though the man suffered mental torment. I spoke of this when we were again in the buggy.

"Yes, I know," the Doctor said, turning the team. "There's something wrong with Hank besides his broken leg. It's a mental condition, and I can't understand it. He's naturally phlegmatic. Nerves are things Hank never heard of, and yet he's fretting fearfully about something."

"He wants to get out and get drunk with Steve Decker," I laughed.

"No, sir. No, he doesn't," the Doctor declared emphatically. "He never asks for liquor. I expected he would, and that I'd have trouble about it. But he has never asked for whisky, and I know he doesn't get any. His condition shows that he doesn't get liquor. He's doing fine."

The Doctor was always serious about his patients. "Too bad Hank didn't break *both* his legs, Doctor," I said jokingly. "If he had you might have made a man of him."

But he paid no attention to this. "Something besides Decker and whisky is troubling Hank," he said, half to himself. "I've tried to talk to him about it," he went on, speaking to me. "He told me that he has to go east, wants to raise money for clothes and railroad fare. But his reasons for going east aren't good. Once he told me there was an estate to settle back there; and next day he said there was some family trouble back in the States. I thought he might be flighty at first; but he couldn't have been."

The Doctor stopped the team in front of a log house. "Hold the reins," he said. "I will not be long here."

When the door of the house opened to admit the Doctor a little girl came running out. She was a pretty child, with long,

golden curls. Climbing into the buggy beside me, she begged for a ride; and to please her I drove up the road a little way. I saw Steve Decker coming down the road when I turned the team to drive back to the house. He called to me, and I waited for him to come to the buggy.

"Will you please give this to Hank?" he asked, handing me a letter in a long envelope. "They will not let me see him," he added, spitefully.

"Yes," I promised, putting the thick envelope into my inside coat pocket. "Hank is looking fine," I told him, and then drove on, because I saw that the Doctor was waiting.

"Be careful of it; it's important," Decker called. I waved my hand to show him that I understood.

The Doctor had recognized Decker. I told him about the letter, and he drove back to the house where Hank was confined so that I might deliver it without loss of time. The next day I went to Helena where I had been called for jury duty. I did not return to Marysville for ten days. "How's Lousy Hank?" I asked, when I met the Doctor.

"Oh, he's gone, vanished the minute I let him out," he said. "He bought new clothes at Rider's, and took the stage for Helena. That's all anybody knows unless it's Decker; and Decker pretends to know nothing more."

The mystery of Lousy Hank's disappearance would have held our interest at any other time. But there was now talk of "pulling" the pumps out of the Drum Lummon, so that Hank was forgotten. The mine that had produced millions was dead, and was to be abandoned. A few miners, all of them Cornishmen, and some said pets of the Cornish manager, were still drifting on the mine's lower level; but they found no pay.

Two miserable months passed, and still the rumor that the mine's pumps were to be pulled persisted, and still a little smoke came daily out of the tall stacks at the shaft-house up on the mountain; and daily the mine whistle blew, summoning the tiny shifts to the lower level where there was no pay in sight. And then one morning, after the stage had brought the mail to Marysville, the Doctor, with a dozen men behind him,

came running into the drug store. "Look, Tom! Read this!" he said, to me, spreading a Chicago newspaper upon the counter, and pointing to black head-lines that read:

#### New Management For Drum Lummon.

American Mining Engineer will take charge of famous gold mine in Montana. Has just returned from England. Declares he will put the big mine back on dividend-paying basis within thirty days. Says bad management to blame for falling off of gold production.

Then I read the man's name, and looked up at the Doctor. I had never seen him so excited. "It can't be," I said, incredulous.

"Bet you a box of the best cigars in this camp it's Lousy Hank," the Doctor, said, folding the paper.

I took the bet; and lost it. It *was* Lousy Hank who came to Marysville to manage the Drum Lummon. And he *did* put the mine back on a dividend-paying basis within thirty days; yes, and kept it there for more than twenty years.

There was no magic about it. When the Doctor had Lousy Hank taken to the miner's house in Marysville he unwittingly beckoned both fame and fortune to attend him there. Lying in his bed Hank overheard the Cornish miners talking, boasting, over their beer. He learned that they were willfully driving the drifts on the lower level in the Drum Lummon alongside of rich gold ore, and were timbering it up as they went ahead. More than this, he learned that the Cornish manager had ordered this to be done, and that he was buying Drum Lummon stock on the market and giving a few shares now and then to his miserable confederates.

No wonder that I saw excitement in the eyes of Lousy Hank the day I visited him with the Doctor. As soon as he could walk Hank went straight to London, and without exposing the ruse had managed somehow to interest the dissatisfied board of directors of the English company. And from that day until he died no Englishman would put a dollar into mining property in the United States until Lousy Hank had examined it and pronounced it good.



# AN UNEQUAL DUEL

E. A. BRININSTOOL

"**T**HEN you don't think, Lieutenant, that young Boyle accidentally shot himself?"

"No, Major, I don't. It looks to me like Indian work. No white man would have taken the pains to conceal his body in the place we found it, either."

"But what could the Indians have against Boyle? He has always treated them well. Besides, he wasn't scalped or mutilated."

"I know, Major. He was shot in the back of the head—it wouldn't have been possible for Boyle to have done it himself. My scouts found the spot where he'd been murdered—presumably from ambush—and his body dragged down into that deep ravine where we located it; besides, there were moccasin tracks about. No white renegade did that job. I think it was the work of some of those young Cheyenne bucks who thought it would be smart to count coup on a white man; and as Boyle was alone, they figured they could get away with it undetected. I think I'm on the right trail, and I don't believe it will be long before we run down the murderers." Lieutenant Robertson nodded significantly to Major Carroll.

It was a puzzling case. Boyle, a young rancher whose homestead claim was about three miles from the camp of the First U. S. Cavalry, under command of Major Carroll, along Lame Deer Creek, Montana, had been missing for several days. He had gone on a hunting trip, but failed to return. His absence had been reported to Major Carroll, who had ordered out a search detachment. His body had been located in a deep and remote ravine, by Lieutenant Robertson's Indian scouts. It was at first surmised that Boyle had fallen, his gun accidentally discharged, and that his death was therefore due to his own carelessness.

But the keen-eyed scouts in Robertson's command had pointed out certain tell-tale signs—moccasin tracks, along the ridge at the head of the ravine; blood on the leaves, evidences of a struggle, or of a body having been dragged along the ridge and then flung into the ravine. Several empty shells had also been found in a clump of brush about

fifty feet from the blood-spattered leaves.

"No white man—Injun," grunted Lone Wolf, one of Robertson's trailers.

For several days no fresh clue was obtained. Then one afternoon two members of the Indian Police rode up to the Agent's office.

"Head Swift and Young Mule gone five, six days," they reported.

Here at last was a clue! Head Swift and Young Mule were Cheyenne youths about eighteen years of age. Both were well known on the reservation—and none too favorably. Indolent, restless, they spent their time principally in roaming the hills, and were looked upon as a disturbing element among the young Indians on the reserve.

Their sudden disappearance was at once reported to Major Carroll. These two young braves belonged to the Northern Cheyennes, a part of old Dull Knife's band, which had made a masterful retreat after the Fort Robinson outbreak twelve or thirteen years previously. These Indians had since remained in comparative quiet until about 1886, when they became restive, and gave signs of discontent rendering necessary the establishing of an annual camp of Regular Army troops in their vicinity.

It was early in September, 1890, that young Boyle's body had been found. It was several days later that the Indian Police reported Head Swift and Young Mule to have taken to the hills.

The young bucks were suspected of hiding out for some good reason; a scouting party had been made up to run them down and bring them in for an interview.

"But we've scoured the hills high and low, Major," reported Lieutenant Robertson, "and we can't find hide or hair of them. They're laying low."

"Keep after them and bring them in at all hazards," was Major Carroll's order.

Twenty-four hours later old Brave Wolf, a warrior of many battles, trotted in to the Agency and dismounted at the office. He asked to see the Agent at once.

"Head Swift and Young Mule no surrender," he indicated through the interpreter.

"They kill man; no come in; want heap fight."

And then followed a most astounding and seemingly unbelievable confession. The two Cheyenne boys had sneaked in to the Indian camp under the cover of darkness and told their parents the whole story, admitting the murder of Boyle. They realized that their lives would be the forfeit if they surrendered. They would never give themselves up, but would die fighting.

"Fight all the troops," declared old Brave Wolf. "Tell soljer chief bring heap men."

To Major Carroll hastened the Agent with the amazing proposal.

"What!" exclaimed Major Carroll in undisguised astonishment, "those two boys challenge me to a duel with all my command—is that what you mean?"

And Brave Wolf had nodded emphatically. "All," he said, "Injun boys heap brave; no surrender; fight all, or say they raid agency; kill heap white people."

It seemed preposterous—positively ridiculous that these two rash Indian youths should thus defiantly challenge three troops of seasoned cavalymen to a duel to the death!

"Why, that's a joke," exclaimed Major Carroll. "It would be useless for me to order out my command on any such fool's errand. They'd never show up. Where are these boys now? I'll send out a dozen men to bring them in."

One of the older of the white scouts with Carroll's command, shook his head.

"Dunno 'bout that, Major," he mused. "These 'ere young Injuns git plenty of fanatical notions in their fool heads sometimes, and if they told Brave Wolf that they're ready to fight the troops to death, I reck'n you won't be disappointed, as fur as they are concerned."

Old Brave Wolf gravely nodded assent. "They come," he soberly reiterated. "No stay 'way if so'jers come now; they fight; heap brave."

"Well," declared the astonished cavalry leader, "I guess if that's really the case and they mean business, we can accommodate 'em. Orderly, have 'Boots and Saddles' sounded at once. Lieutenant Robertson, you will have a sufficient guard deployed about

the Agency at once, in case of trouble, while we are accommodating these young Indian fools."

Following this command there was a scurrying of troopers, a saddling of horses and a jingling of accoutrements, as the men, laughingly and with much banter, made ready to depart.

During the previous few days' excitement, the entire Cheyenne village had been gathered by the Agent and placed in camp about the Agency, the better to watch their actions and prevent any possible disturbance. Excitement had been tense, and it now looked as though the climax were at hand.

"Prepare to mount; mount!" came the order, when the troopers had assembled.

And then led by old Brave Wolf, the troops under Major Carroll, with Lieutenant Robertson and Lieutenant Pitcher, started on their strange mission.

Among the command it was looked upon as a joke, as Major Carroll had said. That two Indian youths, mere boys, would have the nerve to attack three troops of cavalry in open combat, was unbelievable; it was the consensus of opinion that the trip would be nothing but a "fool's errand."

"Two agin two hundred?" snorted Trooper Callahan to Trooper McCarthy. Both veterans shook their heads in unbelief.

A half mile from the Agency, at a sign from old Brave Wolf Major Carroll gave the command "Halt!" This was the spot, said Brave Wolf, which the young bucks had chosen for their battleground. Here was to be enacted the strangest drama ever enacted upon the stage of frontier life. The road at this point ran through a narrow valley, flanked by rock-crowned hills, covered with a forest of low pine, forming an amphitheater. No more spectacular spot could have been chosen.

Here the troops were posted, some mounted, others dismounted. Excitement was at fever heat. Upon the hills surrounding the valley had gathered the entire population of the Cheyenne village, the bucks taking position close in upon the hills, and the squaws and children where they would not be endangered by rifle fire yet could watch their tribesmen die like true Cheyenne warriors.

It was an ideal autumn afternoon. Nature



was at her loveliest, in colors of gold and brown. The haze of Indian summer was in the air. Peace and quiet were in the scene.

Across the valley was heard the death chant of the squaws. The stage was set, and it only lacked the two actors to step forth and play their respective parts.

"Where can they be?" was the eager query which ran through the command, as keen eyes searched various vantage points.

Major Carroll and Lieutenant Robertson were scanning the distant clumps of timber through their glasses. "I don't believe they'll ever show up," declared the former, closing his glasses with an impatient snap.

"Well, Major, there they are!" suddenly exclaimed Robertson, pointing toward two figures on horseback which had glided phantom-like from the darkened background of pines. "It looks like they mean business after all."

Glasses were again leveled, and it was seen that the two young Cheyennes were fully armed and decorated in war costume. To the ears of the astonished troops was borne the echoes of the Cheyenne death-song, solemnly taken up and echoed by the distant squaws.

The plumed war bonnets of the youthful fanatics nodded in the breeze, while nicked ornament on wrist and arm, the gaily-decorated regalia and the glint of rifle barrel, flashed in the sunlight.

Exclamations of excitement ran through the command. The troopers watched the young braves urge their ponies toward the top of one of the highest and steepest ridges, down which there was an open space to make a charge. All their actions could easily be watched and noted by their tribesmen, every detail observed.

Reaching the very pinnacle of the ridge, the young Cheyennes suddenly wheeled their ponies, and for an instant sat gazing down the lane of death. Then the warwhoop echoed from the ridge, and then—

"Here they come!"

And come they did, with fanatical fury! Down the slope, with Winchesters loaded, magazines filled and cartridge belts sagging with lead. It was a sight the like of which had never been upon the American frontier!

"Hold your fire!" came the orders from

troop commanders. "Not yet, men!" Excited troopers thrust carbines forward and triggers clicked as hammers were raised.

Down the steep hillside headed the two Cheyennes directly for a line of troopers that had just been led up the southern crest of the valley by Lieutenant Pitcher. Ponies straining every nerve, moccasined feet drumming at heaving flanks, rifles streaming leaden death, and over all the Cheyenne death chant!

Dismounted, the troopers waited the command to fire, the horse-holders in the rear. When the order came, a hundred carbines belched forth a roaring blast; others in reserve crashed out. The pony of the foremost brave stumbled, regained its feet, again pitched forward, hurtling its rider through the air.

Apparently unharmed, his companion continued to ride straight into the jaws of death, right at Pitcher's command, firing rapidly. But apparently his aim was high. Fifty carbines and revolvers roared in return, and yet, in some miraculous manner the daring warrior escaped death until he had actually penetrated the line of troopers, when both horse and rider crumpled under the leaden hail!

"Look out for the other Indian!" came the warning cry.

The dismounted Cheyenne, flung to the ground when his pony went down, had meantime regained his feet, and turned down the valley in the direction of the Agency. Volley after volley saluted him, and he returned the fire as rapidly as he could work the lever of his Winchester. Bullets rained around him, kicking up the dust and ricocheting off into space like angry bees. Finally, seemingly badly wounded, he limped painfully into a dry wash to make a stand to the death. In his wake streamed excited troopers, firing volley after volley.

"We crawled through the brush toward him," said Lieutenant Robertson, in his report, "not aware that he had been killed, and suddenly stumbled upon his body. I was startled, awe-struck, by the weird beauty of the picture he made, as he lay in his vivid color of costume and painted face, his red blood crimsoning the yellow of the autumn leaves upon which he fell."

## BOOK SHELF

Under the Editorship of ANDREW CORRY

*We Are Betrayed.* Vardis Fisher. Doubleday, Doran & Co., N. Y. 1935. \$2.50.

The first volume of Mr. Fisher's tetralogy presented many characters highly diversified and firmly-drawn against a foreboding frontier background worthy of their dark fates and always harmonious with them; among them this child Vridar moved in tragic relevance to them, linked by compelling necessity to the same dismal scene. They made partial interpretation of a milieu, and the book was further valuable for the author's brutally analytic although occasionally romanticized study of a profound adolescent woe.

The second volume did less. In it the stallion McClintock was the only new character to take definite outline, and to turn from the great natural hostilities of Idaho ranch country to the small futilities of life in a third-rate college was to turn from Greek tragedy to cheap burlesque. In the first book Vridar was an indigenous unit in a great and splendid scheme of things. In the second his author seemed less sure of him. In Vridar he hesitated between Quixote and Hamlet and seldom bothered to distinguish sharply between the windmills and the court of my uncle the King.

The present volume is a better novel but the uncertainty continues. Vridar's consuming egotism drives the other characters farther into mist, and one begins to wonder where his own internal confusion leaves off and his author's begins. (This work has frequently been criticized as "autobiography," "case history," etc. While such an approach may explain certain things, it seems to me unjustified inasmuch as the books are published as "novels.") Of himself he is now aware: 1, that he is neurasthenic; 2, that (at twenty-eight) he is more completely without anchor than he has ever been; 3, that he does not understand himself; and 4, that he must soon settle upon a guiding philosophy. With Kant, whom he finds empty, he would seem to agree that duty is "the greatest thing in life." His chronic puritanism is merely encouraged and given point by Freud and his doubtful maturity brings no relief from a sex-preoccupation that had its start *solus* in a pasture in his boyhood. He is further complicated by being at least part genius and conscious of it, and more aware of himself as tragic, which he undoubtedly is, than as comic, which he undoubtedly is. (As romantic genius he is

strikingly like Jean-Christophe). And he writes his own epitaph to celebrate a man "who out of a preposterous wish to be honest built himself a cross."

Honesty seems to have something to do with truth, and truth at our present position in time is generally defined as a relationship between variables, which implies the necessity of a disinterested consideration of more than one variable. The variable, Vridar, is considered at almost tiresome length, but hardly disinterestedly; and the others are glimpsed only through Vridar's dazed and half-blinded vision. Nelo, when you pick up Vridar's subjective evaluations of her, analyze them and put them together again, appears to be a woman with a magnificent sexual disposition, a body worthy of it, and a mentality if not subtle at least never painfully annoying. Her only mystery is that read into her by her husband, and it never seems quite real in the light of the actual data of her behavior. An objective appraisal of the exact relation between her and Vridar as two separate and mutually interacting variables is never achieved. The electric fascination that exists between them is never coldly analyzed. She remains to the end a kind of voodoo which promises to thrive in the mind of Vridar Hunter long after her suicide, which ends the novel.

Mr. Fisher writes like a man who doesn't give a damn what the critics say about him, and his sincerity and singleness of purpose are in their way eminently praiseworthy. *We Are Betrayed* is full of grand writing. The experience in the hospital for the insane, much of Vridar's journal, a few of the thumbnail characterizations ("Imagine an old brown tough parchment. Imagine that all the wisdom and suffering of earth were distilled and the parchment soaked in it and then dried and used as the covering of a man's face; and you have Thurman. Except the eyes. . . . In his eyes is enough wakefulness for ten thousand men"), and the pages following Nelo's suicide to the end, especially, are contrived in beauty and fire. The praise he is receiving from the critics, exclusive of the merely stupid, is well-earned. He is writing books that deserve to be read thoughtfully. He is not yet writing books great without qualification. His full power may be realized when he has finished with the problem of the peculiar voodooism of one man's mind and concerns himself with a canvas equally as large as this one but in which all figures may be drawn in a light that will reveal



their equal importance and their full separate humor, tragedy, and, perhaps, "truth." *Ellensburg, Washington Donald MacRae*

**Ubet.** John R. Barrows. The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho. 1934. \$2.00.

This is an exceptional book. Its general subject can be roughly described as the record of a hard-bitten people who lived in the neighborhood of a tiny settlement in central Montana in the '80's. Parts of the book were published several years ago in *THE FRONTIER*, and at the time Philip Ashton Rollins pointed out the fascination which Mr. Barrows' narrative would have for "every serious student of the cattle country's history" as well as for all "who in years now long bygone snailed amid the dust of a trail herd's drag." Illustrated by lively pen-and-ink sketches drawn by a young Montana artist, Mr. Bob Hall, and rounded out in a finished form that fulfills the promise of the parts first published, the book offers an attractive document to those singled out by Professor Rollins. And the Montana reader will find it a pleasing introduction to a locality whose history and legends have been so much neglected by writers of memoirs and makers of fiction as to cause *Ubet* and Fort Maginnis to slip out of the humane chronicle into the County Agent's files and Yogo, Gilt Edge, and Maiden into the footnotes of a geological report. Regionalistic specialists, therefore, will find obvious advantage in becoming acquainted with Mr. Barrows' book. And through the medium of the personal narrative of an engaging personality the book will reconstruct for the general reader the picture of a Western life for the like of which he will search in vain this side of Owen Wister's *The Virginian*. The exceptional character of Mr. Barrows' book appears in two qualities: a quality of sympathy that shrewdness saves from sentimentality, and a quality of humor that insight saves from caricature.

*Ubet* was the name of a settlement in the Judith country and is the most conspicuous landmark in the background of the picture.

The life of the place was severe and plain, "wholesome" the author calls it. Mr. Barrows' father kept a station on the stageroad from Fort Benton: and there the travellers who had been stage-broke by their rough journey could be sure of a fine meal and comfortable accommodation in an establishment so well conducted that there was only one bullet-hole in the place, and that one caused by the accidental discharge of a holstered Colt's into the floor. The large cabin was lined and ceiled with boards painted apple-green and furnished in the taste of a period which some, a shade in-

sincerely, call ugly when they probably mean it was homely. There met the ranchers, now and again Mr. Granville Stuart whose place was not far away, wanderers like Charlie Russell who were canvassing the outfits for hiring, miners bound for the sapphire diggings of Yogo or the gold diggings of the Judith Mountains, and perhaps a mounted-infantry soldier or officer from Fort Maginnis. The variety of occupation which the travellers reflected was one of the first puzzles that young Barrows mulled over as he came up the Missouri, a boy fresh from the woods of Wisconsin bound with his family to join his pioneering father. Gold-field or ranching land, which it was that Montana would be for him, he talked over on the sternwheel river-boat:

"There was much serious discussion concerning future activities with a comrade of my own age. We now agreed that while placer mining was undoubtedly a lucrative vocation, we should devote ourselves to ranching, but as a matter of course we would pick up whatever nuggets were turned up by the plow."

From the cabin doors of the little settlement Barrows looked out upon the near-by pieces where soon there were to be fenced-off crops, the rich benchlands where the antelope would make way for the short-horn cattle, and the upland pastures of the mountains that sprang up with such dramatic suddenness through the clear dry distance. The book presents a vivid picture of the ranching life that he chose, with its routine, its excitements as when night-riding involved a guard against rustlers, its humors as when tales would be told over a campfire of the strange doings of sheepherders—a race accursed and apart—and the hundred yarns that make up our local mythology were spun out. By nature the Western tale is long and sinuous and full of subtleties that a teller must be allowed his own time to bring out, and on this account quotation of Mr. Barrows' best must be foreborne. Yet the reader may recognize on any page the narrative skill which is sustained for the full length of the book.

A. C.

**The White-Headed Eagle: John McLoughlin, Builder of an Empire.** Richard G. Montgomery. Macmillan, N. Y. 1934. \$3.50.

It may be sheer perversity on my part to praise this book for something which its author probably never intended it to be praised for, and yet that is precisely what I am irresistibly impelled to do. For the first time in my reading about the person to whom above all others the United States



owes its northwest domain I find him presented as an entirely credible human being, that is as one with a normal measure of human weakness in his make-up. And having been thus brought within a reasonable likelihood of understanding him as compounded, in part at least, of ordinary flesh-and-blood, I note with interest that I admire him fully as much as, and indeed rather more than, when I was allowed to see him only as little less than a demi-god. For that I am, as I think any reader observing in his own case a similar result should be, profoundly grateful, and I feel bound to record the fact here. The John McLoughlin who emerges from this account of his life was assuredly, as the subtitle indicates, the bulwark of an empire, and without much question the most commanding figure that ever closely affected its destinies, but he was also, and quite as certainly, one who at times made serious errors in judgment, who not infrequently showed himself to be prejudiced, suspicious, ill-tempered, and domineering, and who could on occasions of disputable provocation become revengeful and even downright cruel in the treatment of those whose conceptions of what was lawfully theirs conflicted with his. Each of these points Mr. Montgomery, or the evidence he adduces, makes clear beyond the possibility of a doubt.

Still I am by no means sure that such was Mr. Montgomery's intention. For though he reveals the essential weaknesses in the personality the great pioneer to whom he has set himself the task of erecting a memorial, he appears to have ignored them as completely in deciding upon the final impressions to be created by his undertaking as have any of his predecessors in McLoughlin iconography. Most emphatically, however, he has not attempted to whitewash his hero. Perhaps his unwillingness to consider as especially significant the shortcomings of the venerated "Father of Oregon" arises from the conviction which one familiar with the record can hardly avoid reaching, namely that if ever there was a man who found himself in recurrent difficulty through no fault of his own and continuously obliged to shoulder the burden of unmerited penalty, that man was Dr. McLoughlin. Caught as he often was between the horns of one hopeless dilemma after another the chief factor of Fort Vancouver seems in no matter determinative of his turns of fortune blame-worthy. His predicaments were inherent in the enterprise committed to his direction. Had he been the demi-god tradition has so persistently held him to have been it would have availed him little or nothing. For even a demi-god would have been helpless in his situation. In other words the tragedy of his life, and it was not other than that in spite of all its triumphs, was the result of

nothing now discernible except implacable fate, and is in no fair sense to be traced to his defects of character. Indeed it was because of his virtues rather than because of his faults that he was at times forced to suffer. The unhappy close of his career is of course the outstanding instance of this. Into the details of the troubling questions connected with that portion of his subject's biography Mr. Montgomery has wisely not entered, but he has told us enough to establish the fact that Dr. McLoughlin was defrauded of his life-time's savings, or at any rate was not protected from being so defrauded, for no better reason than denominational pettiness. And yet, as the perspective of the years enables one to see, he would have been less worthy of our respect had he chosen his religious affiliations other than as he did. The least the people of the Oregon country can do at this late date to wipe out the deepest stain in the annals of their pioneering fore-runners is to make certain the perpetuation of a shrine to the memory of the early benefactor to whom they are most indebted. Happily the opportunity for doing that is at this moment before them.

Portland, Ore.

V. L. O. Chittick

**Glory-Hunter. A Life of General Custer.** Frederic F. Van de Water. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 1934. \$3.75.

**Old Neutriment.** Glendolin Damon Wagner. Ruth Hill, Publisher, Boston. 1934. \$1.50.

Here we have two books on General George Armstrong Custer: the first a full-length portrait, the second a little volume of first-hand recollections by Custer's orderly. Both should strongly interest all who care to consider the colorful life and mysterious death of the great popular military hero of the West. Custer partisans have accused Mr. Van de Water of denigrating their hero; no such charge can be brought against the author of *Old Neutriment*. The books are complementary, but not necessarily contradictory.

Out of a chivalrous consideration for the General's widow, critics of Custer have kept silence for sixty years. Now that Mrs. Custer is dead, it is inevitable, and just, that the critics should have their say. Mr. Van de Water has given them their chance, but it is unjust to say that he has set out to "debunk" Custer. His book is well documented, and—as its title indicates—has made clear the ruling passion of its subject. For Custer wooed glory by every means within his power, and is a shining example of the tendency of frontiersmen generally to make the most of their adventures. The fact is that the Wild West was, from the



beginning, a paradise for histrionics and exhibitionists. Hollywood is its logical fruition.

In this world, people do as they like by hook or crook, and generally get some measure of what they desire. Fame, after all, is seldom the reward of pure merit; that is the charm of glory, that one must gamble for it. And so it seems a little absurd when hero-worshippers demand of heroes that they shall also be great and good. Mr. Van de Water, quite frankly, does not think General Custer was either. His portrait shows a man of vaulting ambition, superb courage, not too many scruples, and rather stupid mind; vain, unintelligent, insubordinate, and recklessly cock-sure. And though the author does not think highly of Custer's literary style, no one who will read his report of the Black Hills reconnaissance of 1874 can deny that Custer was one of the best writers of advertising copy that this nation has produced. As a soldier, in both his major engagements with Indians, he violated every rule of cavalry tactics, and in the Civil War showed a shocking disregard for the laws of chivalry and civilized warfare. Arrogant in victory, he could yet lick the boots of his superiors when in disgrace.

This book demolishes the plaster saint so lovingly created by Custer's widow, but presents most dramatically a passionate, determined man of flesh and blood, driven by his ruling passion to a doom which might well be the subject of a Greek tragedy. It is the first attempt at a presentation of Custer in terms of his personality—and the terms are those of a gallant fool. More than most men, perhaps, Custer is to be judged by the friends—and the enemies—he made. These figures also—both red and white—are here given their due, and the whole story is told in a manner that is thrilling, picturesque, and vividly dramatic. If the author is out of sympathy with Custer, it is merely because Custer was a romantic, and Mr. Van de Water is not. If the critics of Mr. Van de Water are capable of sincere self-analysis, they should be able to meet the biographer half-way. It is high time the West dropped hero-worship for some more intelligent and realistic point of view.

This may in part be provided by *Old Neutriment*, the intimate memoirs of a crochety old soldier, who loved and quarrelled with his commander, whose "dog-robber" he was. It is full of incidents and amusing passages, in which John Burkman's adoration for Mrs. Custer and his loyalty to the General provide the dominant theme. Not the least interesting portion of the little book is its "Notes" in the Appendix, which reproduce much of the legend and many of the alibis of the soldiers, who—though winners of the Civil War—found the Sioux so terribly more than their match. Both books

are lavishly illustrated and handsomely turned out. Neither can be ignored by the historian, or will be neglected by the general reader of Western literature.

Norman, Oklahoma

Stanley Vestal

Eugene O'Neill: A Critical Study. Sophus Keith Winther. Random House, N. Y. 1934. \$2.00.

Mr. Winther, in a prefatory note to this study, states his intention of restricting himself to an analysis of "the significance of O'Neill's work in relation to the thought of today." He considers O'Neill's heroes as creatures of the romantic illusion which leads them to the tragic ending in which they meet the defeats of their dreams. Mr. Winther finds the conflicts expressed in three ways—the inner conflict between the dual natures of O'Neill's heroes, the conflict between his heroes and economic forces of modern times, and the conflict between the heroes and moral and religious codes. The conflict of the dual natures is that between the dreamer and the realist; this is the tragedy inherent in the individual. Then there is the tragedy of the individual against a mechanistic civilization in which economic and social forces destroy the hero either through poverty or through proving that he does not "belong." Lastly, there is the tragedy of the hero nurtured by codes of morals which only bind him from accepting life and which lead him, in his destruction of them, to ruin.

Mr. Winther makes his study exhaustive by evaluating all the O'Neill plays, from those included in the repudiated *Thirst* volume to *Days Without End*. Rightly he examines early attempts at play-form not as a critic of technique but for evidences of the viewpoint which, to him, is typical of O'Neill. With two exceptions, Winther finds that there is a characteristic and consistent attitude toward life in the plays. Throughout all the plays he finds that O'Neill's characters are brought to tragic ends because they ask more from life than life can give them; because they are dreamers or rebels, or both, they cannot be satisfied with what they find in the world. When their conflicts are with overwhelming forces, whether of personality or economic conditions, their creation belongs to the tragic tradition, for their fight is the struggle of the good, the poetic, against the ugly.

In dealing with the romantic illusion as a characteristic of O'Neill's heroes, Mr. Winther gives a good analysis of the plays in which this element is the predominant one. Although the "destructive power of the romantic illusion" is a feature of all the plays, in the later plays it is involved with moral and social conditions. Mr. Winther is also satisfactory in his analysis of the



economic element as an opposing force; possibly the best study in the book is that of *The Hairy Ape*.

The analysis of the plays in which the conflict is more definitely that of the individual against a moral code, and the analysis of this factor in the other plays, is not so satisfactory as that of the plays in which the individual is at odds with reality or social injustice. O'Neill has been criticized for blurred thinking in his later plays, and it is these plays which are most definitely concerned with the conflict between codes of morals and the rebellious individual. Winther does not interpret O'Neill's conclusions as clearly in his discussion of these plays as he does in his evaluation of the others. The solution of the "pagan way of life" is a weak one: to ascribe a happy ending to the stories of these moral rebels (for instance, Nina Leeds) is erroneous, for through no interpretation can O'Neill's offending heroes be said to reach happiness.

Mention was made above of two plays which were excepted from the consistent interpretation given to the others. These were *Ah, Wilderness!* and *Days Without End*. Surely in a study of an author's work which takes care to evaluate his apprentice efforts the critic should also try to interpret the writer's mature work. *Ah, Wilderness!* is dismissed summarily. *Days Without End* is discussed separately from the plays of like nature—those in which morality is the theme. It is, however, fitted into the same categorical interpretation. One good observation is made—that the conclusion to *Days Without End* "may not be convincing, but serves the need for a dramatic ending."

With the exceptions noted Mr. Winther's work is a good analysis of O'Neill as an interpreter of "the complexities of our modern world." The question arises whether the restrictions which Mr. Winther has placed on his subject are fair to O'Neill. Eugene O'Neill is something less than a great modern philosopher and hardly worthy of a volume devoted solely to this phase of his work. On the other hand, he is a playwright with great talent who might profit by a thorough analysis of his abilities and of his faults.

Butte, Montana

Donal Harrington

**The Foreground of American Fiction.** Harry Hartwick. American Book Co., Cincinnati. 1934. \$2.50.

To the three Parrington volumes (*Main Currents in American Thought*) the reader interested in American literature must add a fourth guidebook—the present volume of Mr. Hartwick, an interpretive scansion of contemporary American fiction. The author surveys the fundamental alignments in our imaginative prose for the past forty years,

catalogues and categorizes with enviable aplomb, omits but few writers of even transient reputation, and in a final fillip of breathtaking scholarship offers a bibliography the most useful on this subject yet assembled. The forces and fashions, literary creeds, scientific discoveries, folkways, technical experiments, that have affected the value of the novel as a mirror of American life and thought; the less evident contribution of this discursive literature toward universal appeal and enduring beauty: little escapes Mr. Hartwick's pandect. Scattered throughout are brilliant aphorisms upon which the mind may bite hard and chew long ("Dreiser's idea of tragedy is Shakespearean, not Greek. . . . The popularity of Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury* and Vardis Fisher's *In Tragic Life* is founded in part upon the tendency of our neurotic age to read sweetness into cruelty, freaks, and self-inflicted wounds. . . . Upton Sinclair, a radical Harold Bell Wright"). Art, Hartwick puts it, is the ampersand that links flesh & spirit. The particular form of art here discussed, the novel, has in our century been of greatest social importance; the present is a ripe moment for an evaluation of the causes and results, the ethical and esthetic achievements and lapses, of American fiction. Hartwick accomplishes this task with flying pennons and to the awed pleasure of this reviewer.

E. D. B.

**Beyond the Mexique Bay.** Aldous Huxley. Harpers, N. Y. 1934. \$2.75.

**Fiesta in Mexico.** Erna Ferguson. Knopf, N. Y. 1935. \$3.00.

**Gringa.** Emma - Lindsay Squier. Houghton Mifflin, Boston. 1934. \$3.50.

The Anglo-Saxon from across the Rio Grande will always find Mexico a fascinating and perhaps insoluble mystery. Even the physical aspect of this land is unfamiliar—the fantastic contour of her mountains which have been tamed by no Glacial Age, the rows of maguey plants stretching into the blue distance, the bougainvillea which climbs richly over her crumbling walls, and the incredible mixture of Aztec, Spanish colonial, and modernistic French which one finds in the architecture of her cities. Even more baffling to the northern visitor are the melodrama of her politics, the desperation of her piety, the sad infinite grace of her poverty. Indeed Mexico evades final analysis of any kind. In spirit the provincial towns are as remote as Cairo and Bangkok from the bright aseptic civilization of the United States and Canada; and, like all backward nations, Mexico has boundless charm, sophistication, and wisdom.

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# HISTORICAL SECTION

## A JOURNEY IN A BARGE ON THE MISSOURI

[FROM FORT LEWIS TO FORT UNION, 1847\*]

NICHOLAS POINT

### INTRODUCTION

Associated with Father De Smet in the Catholic missionary movement of the forties among the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountain region was the Jesuit, Nicholas Point, a native of Rocroy in the Ardennes, France (1799-1868). His career presents interesting points of study, especially in view of the circumstance that he left behind him a good-sized body of unpublished manuscript material in the form of journals, memoirs and correspondence.

From the fall of 1846 to the spring of the following year Father Point was engaged in missionary work among the various groups of Blackfeet Indians on the east slope of the Rockies, with headquarters at Fort Lewis on the upper Missouri. His ministry during this period was a strenuous one, the baptisms and marriages he performed among the Indians of the plains, all entered with meticulous accuracy in an extant register, being the earliest recorded church ministrations in eastern Montana. On May 19, 1847, he set out from Fort Lewis by way of the Missouri river from Canada, to which mission-field he had been transferred by his superiors. Particulars of this trip as far as Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, are recorded by him in a manuscript journal of twenty-five pages written in an amazingly microscopic hand and bearing the caption, "*Voyage en berge sur le Missouri depuis le fort des piedsnoirs jusqu' a celui des assiniboines.*"

The journal embodies also numerous data about the first five posts installed by the American Fur Company on the upper Missouri and known as Forts Piegan, Mackenzie, J. F. C., Lewis and Clay. All of these preceded the Fort Benton of a later day and may be regarded as rudimentary stages in the evolution of that historic post. Point's informant on the history of these pioneer trading-posts was the Canadian trader, Jean Bergier.

At Fort Union, which was reached on June 1, 1847, Point caught the steamer *Marta* for St. Louis, where he arrived in August, proceeding thence to Sandwich in Ontario, Canada. He later made repeated appeals to his superiors to be allowed to return to the mission-field of the American West, a step which was not permitted him, in view of the weak condition of his health. He died in Quebec in his seventieth year, July 4, 1868. In the romantic attempt made by DeSmet and his Jesuit associates of St. Louis in the forties to evangelize the Rocky Mountain tribes he had a distinguished share, while by the contacts he made with the personnel of the pioneer trading-posts of the upper Missouri and by the portrayals, literary and pictorial, of the forts and their entourage which he left behind him, he becomes a figure of interest in the frontier period of Montana history.<sup>1</sup>

G. J. Garraghan

\* Translation from the French by Paul B. Barrette, Department of Modern Languages, St. Louis University. First published in *MID-AMERICA*, XIII (January, 1931); reprinted in *FRONTIER AND MIDLAND* by special permission of the Illinois Catholic Historical Society.

<sup>1</sup> For a fuller account of Father Point see Garraghan, "Nicholas Point, Jesuit Missionary in Montana of the Forties," in Willard and Goodykoontz (ed.). *The Trans-Mississippi West; Papers read at a Conference held at the University of Colorado, June 18-21, 1929.* Boulder, University of Colorado, 1930.

FORT Lewis, which is our starting point, was built by a Bourgeois of the American [Fur] Company, Mr. Colberson [Culbertson], who later built Fort Clay. Fort Lewis was situated on the left shore of the Missouri, almost at the center of the Blackfoot country. Up to that point a steamer might have ascended the river when the water was at its highest, that is to say, from May to July, but above that point navigation becomes impossible on account of the five falls which follow one another in a stretch of eight miles. In winter it is almost everywhere impossible to navigate on account of the ice, which in this season forms a thickness of two or three feet. In the dry season, which lasts from August until fall, barges can ascend, but it is possible to do so only by making use of all available motive power; seldom is the stern-wind strong enough to allow the crew to rest. During certain seasons the barges strand as often as ten or twelve times a day. On these occasions the crew must take to the water and by use of tow-line and shoulder force the barge upstream. This operation renders navigation in those parts so difficult that the fort of the Blackfeet, which needs more helping hands than the other forts, is still obliged to pay more dearly for help. An ordinary laborer (*engage*) costs the fort annually from 150 to 230 dollars, not counting lodging, heating and food, which is of the kind usual in the country. Carpenters, blacksmiths, hunters, and all men of a trade, whose services are indispensable, are better fed and paid. Clerks, the chief interpreter, and the traders, in addition to receiving the best salaries, are admitted to the Master's table. Moreover, the fort out of good will burdens itself with caring for the sick, invalids, women, visitors—in a word, for all non-supporting mouths, which generally number more than sixty, without counting chiefs, partisans, head men, and sometimes whole war parties, to whom, in addition, it [the fort] distributes gratis almost all the gunpowder they need. I do not include the gifts one is obliged to give to the chief traders if one does not want to see them take their merchandise elsewhere. All this explains the high price of the things which are sold either to the employees of the fort or to the

Indians who come there to trade. In general, the rule of Fort Louis, and it is the same, I think, at the other forts of the same company, seemed to me very mild. Excepting the great effort that must be made to bring the victualing barge up the river, work at the fort, which ordinarily takes place only between the two principal meals, is very moderate. If some men spend all their wages associating with squaws in spite of their duty and interest, they do so of their own free will; nobody compels them. There is only one circumstance relative to public morals, which, I think, should be called to the attention of the proper party; it concerns the method of lodging the families. If every legitimately married laborer had, and I have reason to hope that this will be done, his own little private room, or if he had the liberty of admitting only such companions as he should find congenial, I am persuaded that morals would profit by it.

I left Fort Lewis on May 19, 1847, which was the day of its funeral or rather of its transference, for all the transportable materials which had served in its construction were brought down on rafts about three miles to a point on the opposite bank, a location preferable to the other one under the three-fold respect of beauty, fertility and convenience for trade. However, on leaving the land in which my heart had struck root so deeply, I could not help sighing while I repeated what a Persian traveler once said in the catacombs of Rome: "So here, as elsewhere, everywhere changes and all things pass away very quickly." It is true, yes, for the things of this world, but what will not pass away, so I hope, are the riches amassed for heaven during the winter. The denizens of this fort will recall with gratitude Christmas Night, Easter Day, the adult baptisms, the great number of persons brought back to their religious duties, while the Cross which soars aloft in the neighborhood of this cradle of religion will teach travelers coming after us that this land, however desolate it may appear, has been verily a land of benediction not only for the seven hundred souls there brought forth, but even more so, for those who have listened here to the voice of the Lord. I shall tell elsewhere of how each and every one helped to second the designs



of Divine Mercy in regard to the Indians, but what my heart's imperious promptings do not permit me to defer are the thanks which I owe them for the personal regard of which I have been the object during the six months I lived in their midst. In the case of several the attentions have been so delicate that I have been able to attribute them only to a profound respect for the work of which I am the minister.

On May 20 the barges stopped at the new fort, called Fort Clay, to help the men erect the bastions. A trading fort in the Indian country is an assemblage of magazines and houses more solid than elegant, the whole being surrounded by a palisade from fifteen to twenty feet high, which forms a square more or less extended according to the importance of the fort. At the end of one of its diagonals this enclosure is flanked by two square towers of several stories projecting at each end of the angle the distance of about one-half their heights. It is from here, by means of port-holes cleverly arranged, that we can take from ill-designing Indians all hope of their doing any harm. A fort of this sort would for the moment be capable of self-defense even against thousands of Indians; but there is no way of putting up a prolonged resistance to forces in such numbers, to which, moreover, you must have recourse daily if you do not wish to die of hunger or ruin your fortune. Hence the necessity of having to make a defense by force is regarded by traders, who best understand the interest of their Company, as such a great evil that there is nothing which they will not do to avoid it. They are convinced, as they have been taught by experience, that gratitude is a bond a thousand times stronger than fear to constrain the Indian in his duty. This fear, such as they experience it, will prevent them, of course, from attacking you openly as long as you are the stronger; but let the opportunity present itself to strike a few blows not endangering themselves, they will assuredly not miss it. The Indian indeed considers revenge a virtue. The Blackfeet, it has been said, have often massacred white people without cause, a fact unfortunately too true; but I doubt that they would have done so without any reason what-

ever. If one wishes to take the pains of looking into things, as I have had occasion to do, one will see almost always that if they had nothing in the least to complain of in regard to their white victims, they did bear a grievance against some one whom they thought connected with the victims. Yet these instances of cruelty are less frequent than is commonly reported. On the contrary, we may quote hundreds of examples of protection granted by the most wicked Blackfeet to whites who had been shrewd enough to give them opportunely some or other token of esteem, affection, compassion or generosity. Moreover, a fact very honorable to the American Fur Company and one which bears out the above expressed opinion is that the bourgeois [Alexander Culbertson] of the fort of the Blackfeet who has steadily followed this rule, has never seen a Blackfoot try to injure him personally. Still more worthy of mention is this other fact that during the seventeen years that he has lived among the Indians his presence was sufficient to prevent an Indian from killing a white man.

On the 21st, about eight o'clock in the morning, we set off [from Fort Clay] and, thanks to the wind supplementing our oars, in a few minutes our barges find themselves before the opposition fort, Campbell by name.<sup>2</sup> Those who are substituting for the bourgeois, who is absent, salute our passage with a few volleys of musketry, which we acknowledge by waving our hats. This done we plunge into a solitude so profound that presently nothing else is to be seen but desolate places and wild animals; but the varieties of these latter are so beautiful and so numerous that this descent had perhaps more attractions for us than could be offered by the public parks of civilization. Within a few hours we saw wolves, goats, deer, big-horn stags, buffaloes, bears, eagles, cormorants, gulls, bustards, etc. Only in the evening did we see any kind of water creature. This was a brill, a fish which has three shoots of flesh of equal size protruding on each side of the mouth and suggesting a person with a moustache. It receives the name "Missouri Salmon" from its very delicate flesh. As a proof of the *similis simili gaudet*,

<sup>2</sup> Certain clerks of the American Fur Company had left its service to organize an opposition company with the backing of Colonel Robert Campbell of St. Louis.

its delicacy is in proportion to its size, which depends on the depth of the water in which it lives. Sometimes, the distance between the eyes of the brill is from fifteen to eighteen inches.

In the midst of these new [Indian] tribes are some old acquaintances that change our astonishment to pity. Who are they? An abandoned horse and dog. Poor beasts, why are you there? You are old and crippled for having served your master too well or too long. What service does not the Indian dog render to his master? Besides the services rendered by other dogs, the Indian dog takes the place of a horse when his master is poor, and, like the poor, often carries too many a heavy load. Besides, in these deserted plains the ground so bristles with sharp points produced by a certain plant called "prickly pear" that often the wounds added to fatigue force the poor animal to straggle behind. Then all he does is to drag himself painfully along until he meets some man or beast who ends or shortens his sufferings. One day an Indian sent in search of our faithful Carlo, who was lost in this manner, found him in the cabin where he had slept the preceding night. He was crying, the searcher told us, like a little child that has lost its mother.

The situation of a man sailing on a beautiful river has everywhere something magical about it in that the charming country traversed seems to ride in triumph at his side. But at certain places on the Missouri the charm redoubles on account of the beauties, real or artificial, that it displays along its shores. I reckon [as examples of] artificial beauty those great landslides produced by the deepness of the river bed, the mobility of the adjacent soil and the recession of high water. Looking closely, you see, it is true, nothing but frightful ravines, dark holes, hanging roots, overturned trunks of trees, in a word a picture of misery. But draw off ever so little, these gross masses assume more agreeable forms, the dark shades melt away, disparate objects knit themselves together, and sometimes, as in a mass of clouds, effects result which it would be impossible to see without pain or pleasure, sometimes without admiration, according to the nature of the strange beings which ap-

pear, suffer change and soon fade away, a palpable image of the illusions of youth.

May 22. These sights are far from being the same everywhere; but it is perhaps to their variety that the traveler owes his most agreeable sensations. Yesterday their yellowish tinge running into black, and the fact that they stood too close to us made them convey a woeful impression, which depressed one's spirits. Today the banks open up and gather into their embrace a more tender verdure, fresher groves, waters coming from nearer sources, bluish mountains with a shade of pink, lastly, a great space which gives something of its azure color to the picture, too dark or too bright, of this vast landscape; all this produces in the soul a dilating effect which has something about it of joy, a contrast all the more striking that a picture of civilization fallen in ruins was united with the melancholy sights of which I have spoken. I wish to speak of Fort Makenzi [McKenzie], which of all the forts of the Blackfeet has lasted the longest, and of Fort Pegane [Piegan], the first which the whites built on the Blackfeet lands. As the history of this last is bound up with the history of a pacification long desired and all the more desirable as before that time all the whites who fell into the hands of the Blackfeet were so many men who fell beneath their blows, you will allow me to pause here a moment.

It was only in the spring of 1831 that peace was concluded. It came in this wise (I put forward nothing which has not been certified to me by trustworthy witnesses). There was at that time at Fort Union a Canadian [Jean Bergier], who is still living and who was chatting with me this morning. This brave trader, having already spent twenty-one years in the forts of the North to which the Blackfeet used to go to trade, had frequent occasion to speak to the big men of the nation and had retained enough of the language to understand them and be understood by them. As he joined to this two-fold knowledge a very conciliatory character, his bourgeois, who at that time was Mr. Makenzi [McKenzie], asked him whether he felt himself courageous enough to go and bring to the Blackfeet the good tidings of which there was question for so long a



time. To so honorable a proposal Berger responded finely and, in spite of the winter, and accompanied by four other Canadians no less devoted than himself, all of whom were furnished with presents for the Blackfeet, he set out, having no other desire than to die as a man of honor or to fulfill the noble mission with which he had been charged. They were all on foot, obliged to travel on in the snow and in quest of men of a kind they particularly wished to keep away from. Just think of the fatigue [they underwent] and of their courage. They walked for forty days without encountering any living beings other than the animals of the forest. On the 41st day, at dawn, a war party suddenly appeared. "We are lost," the companions of Berger said, "but it does not matter, we must fight." "No," answers their brave leader, "we have not come here to fight, leave it to me," and alone he advances towards the enemy. It was a Pegane [Piegan] party composed of seventeen men. How great was his joy upon recognizing the partisan, named Assapake, to whom he had rendered a service quite recently. As a matter of fact, the savages never forget a favor. Here is the proof. They smoked the calumet and gifts were given. But either the quality or the quantity not corresponding to their expectations, some discontented savages took the liberty of adding to the gifts a good share of the booty of the deputation and all the deputies' guns but one. That did not suit them any too well, but what could be done? Fortunately, God, who holds in his hands the hearts of men, disposed the thieves in spite of themselves to listen to reason, and the partisan, who was not like them, had all proper restitution made. This done, we set out on the road again, and five days later, that is to say, on the 6th of March, we arrived with flag unfurled at a camp of Peganes [Piegans], who had Onestematone as their chief. Needless to say, they stared in amazement upon meeting us and welcomed the gifts offered. They listened with interest to the persons who addressed them and accepted their proposals, but under one condition [namely], that everything would be as

stated. The distrust which the Blackfeet had of the traders still went so far at this period that they hardly believed in the sincerity of their words; but this time so many excellent proofs [of their sincerity] were given that the hardest [among the Indians] to be convinced joined with the others and all offered to conduct the peace-makers back to Fort Union, whether to defend them from attack on the way or to confirm more solemnly the alliance that had been made. After twenty days of rest and festivities Berger and his companions took up the trail back to their fort followed by 92 Indians and 32 squaws. On leaving they had said: "We shall be here May 15 at the latest; if at this time we have not arrived, it will be because things did not turn out as we hoped." Now this date was already passed and they had not returned. "What has become of them," their friends began to say to themselves, "what has become of them?" "Oh, they most likely have been massacred like so many others." Such were the melancholy thoughts which the delay was giving rise to and which were shared by almost the entire fort, when the cry was raised, "here are our men! here are our men!" Judge of the joy on all sides when they reappeared at the head of so numerous a company, all bearing themselves well, without fear or reproach, and with the flag of victory in their hands. In particular the bourgeois, whose honor and interest were at stake in the affair and who, moreover, was gifted with an excellent heart, did not know how to express his joy. Amid jubilations and rejoicings of every sort peace was confirmed to the great satisfaction of all and it was resolved that at the opening of the fair season men in sufficient numbers would leave to go and build a fort in the Blackfeet lands, a resolution which was put into effect.<sup>3</sup> The fort built by order of Mr. Makenzi and under the direction of Mr. Keep [Kipp] was called Fort Pegane in honor of the first Blackfeet who had made an alliance with the whites, a token of delicate deference, which does honor not less to the wisdom than to the modesty of [its] founder. This fort having been burnt by a party of

<sup>3</sup> There are accounts of the Bergier episode in H. M. Chittenden's *American Fur Trade of the Far West*, I, 331; also in Coues (ed.) *Charles Larpenteur, Forty Years a Fur Trader on the Upper Missouri*, I, 109-115. The value of Point's version is that it was got directly from Bergier himself.

Bloods (*hommes du sang*), who apparently were not aware of the intentions [of the founder], orders were given to build a second one a little higher up and this one [McKenzie], which received the name the first one should have borne, prospered until 1844, at which juncture reasons of prudence dictated its removal. Apparently the vicinity of the Judith River (*riviere dite de la Judee*) coupled with the beauty of the environs tempted more than it ought to have done the persons commissioned to look after [Fort McKenzie], for experience having proved that these advantages as well as others which they thought they saw in that locality did not counter-balance the grave inconvenience of there being too many opportunities for enemies [to seize], one year after its construction Fort F. J. C. [Francois Jean Chardon], otherwise called Fort Judith, was transferred further up. This gave birth to Fort Louis [Lewis], which, as we have seen, after having achieved a long career in a short time, gave itself a successor in the fort now in process of construction and called Fort Clay. Not to omit anything that belongs to the ancient history of this journal, I must place in the neighborhood of Fort Louis and of Fort J. F. C. two forts of the opposition set up in 1844, which, as well as all those lower down, lasted scarcely longer than the span of a springtime. What shall we say of the thousand and one fortresses built by the Blackfeet? In this region they are sown like the grass of the field, only they have not its duration. Most frequently the morning destroys or abandons what the evening before has set up. So in these lands perhaps more so than elsewhere, in spite of foresight, skill, courage (none of these traits are lacking in the bourgeois of the company), it is true to say, "we have not here a lasting city." We saw that the longest lived of all, Fort Makenzi, lasted scarcely three lustres; but as it was to commence, what Fort Louis was to religion, honor to its ashes!

The close connection I have tried to keep in the foregoing account has made me overlook certain [natural] monuments which call for notice. I wish to speak of what they call here the Citadel, the Pierced Rock and the Steamboat. The Citadel, which is the marvel of the place, instead of being a mere heap

of sandy stones, is built of fragments of hard rock, which seem to be the product of some volcanic eruption. The Pierced Rock is remarkable only for a large hole which pierces it through and through. This, as well as the Steamboat, owes its existence in part to the constant erosion by wind and water. The loose soil which is part of their composition is mixed with more solid rock giving them some hope of lasting longer. To their picturesque form is added a blend of colors which gives them something of a venerable appearance. . . .

May 23. Today they [the crew] have at least the satisfaction of being able to hear Holy Mass, for it is raining. How did they hear it? In the most respectful and convenient manner. While part of the crew get into the corners of my cabin not occupied by the altar, the other part keep silence and pray the best they can around the fire, which is drying their clothes.

Mass heard, the weather again becomes pleasant, the cry "all aboard" is heard, and we leave. Heaven favors us and earth offers us something whereby to elevate our thoughts. . . .

The point of woods on our right furnished the wits last year with matter for more than one *bon mot*. The Count de Trente, a French traveler, who has left in these parts a great name for generosity, was going up the river in a barge to visit Fort J. F. C. On the way he took his pleasure in hunting and, following the noble inclination of his heart, abandoned the quarry to whomsoever might want it. His companion, who was also fond of hunting, had killed a deer. Two *engages* were arguing over the skin and, the argument becoming animated, a storm was about to burst when the prostrate deer coming to suddenly walked off, of course without leaving its skin behind. What happened? The losers were the first to laugh. "Well," they said to each other, "this thing has made us friends."

Gifted with no mean share of gascon humor, "the mariner on these shores keeps his advantage and honor very often only by siding with the laughers when they laugh at him."

Here is another incident which hits off with scarce less effect the happy disposition



of these mariners. One of them, a Frenchman by birth, generous towards everybody and no enemy of gaiety, for he was a Provençal, was begged one day by his comrades to solicit a little favor from the bourgeois. As the request had not met with the success anticipated, the pleader added in a manner which betrayed a little feeling: "Well, I know what they will do." "What will they do, you scamp?" replies the bourgeois. "What will they do?" answers the Provençal. "They will do without it." The bourgeois could not help laughing at the repartee which was made in a tone half serious and half humorous, and a little later he granted to the Gasconade the request that he had refused.

An instance of courage in the same man. There is in the Blackfoot country a job which might seem to be mere child's play, but it requires no less courage than vigilance to perform it as handits roam about almost unceasingly in the hope of plunder. This job of horse-keeper, ordinarily trusted only to men of grit, fell to our Provençal. Like all other duties, he discharged this one so honorably that I know of not one of his acquaintances who did not lavish praise upon him. Many a time he saved the drove as well as himself. One day, however, he came back to the fort sooner than usual and, like a noble knight in the days of old, was able to say: "Everything is lost but honor." What had happened to him? His pal had been killed a few steps away from him, and he was able to put the robbers to flight only when they were mounted on the stolen horses. What proves that on this occasion as on more than one other, he did more than his duty, is the fact that he brought back in his left hand, his right arm having been broken by a bullet, a bear-knife, which is for the Indians what a [captured] floating flag is for civilized men. Although the fort felt keenly the loss it had sustained, the bourgeois, anxious to express his gratitude to the wounded man for his handsome conduct, promoted him a short time after to the rank of night sentinel, which is a leading one not only for honor but also for the strain it involves. During the long winter nights as

well as during the summer ones he is obliged to mount the walls and descend therefrom unceasingly under penalty of failing in some point of duty. The night sentinel is ordinarily alone, but last winter, as the situation was becoming more dangerous, he was given as partner a "Franc-Comtois," who had won his spurs on the battlefield in the stormiest campaigns of Africa.

To make a fitting end of a topic on which it has been impossible for my heart not to dwell at some little length, I shall say that mature age, filial piety, love of country, the voice of religion, in fine, considerations one more honorable than the other, compelled our Provençal to think of revisiting his native land. His friends and the bourgeois expressed their appreciation of his character by supplementing the discharge of their debt of honor with a generous gift. Their behavior touched me all the more because two months before they had done precisely the same thing in the interests of religion. Although their offering might seem to have been made at the expense of our invalid (for the subscription had been started in his favor), he was the first one to rejoice over it and to break the news to me.

His name is Honore Arnault.\* May this name, which is well known in Provence, together with that I have just set down, recommend him effectively to the benevolence of the friends of religion, honor and humanity.

May 24. Feast of our Lady Help [of Christians]. The ice in the neighborhood shows us that in two nights the thermometer went down forty-three degrees, a change due to a current of air, which is helped by the shores becoming more level. These shores, which flatten out the more they are wooded, are called points (*pointes*) on account of their very regular form and the projection of their peaks into the water. They are more or less separated from each other by sterile stretches; but from the great island to the [Mussel] Shell River they are so close to each other that we can count as many as twenty-four; to this region animals of the in-offensive kind retire all the more readily on account of the shade and pasture. Conse-

\*The name Honore Arnault (with this spelling) occurs frequently as that of god-father in Father Point's Blackfoot register.

quently an hour of the day hardly passed without our seeing a herd very close by.

We see on our right a dilapidated house, which was built during the winter of 1845 by A. Hamel, present interpreter at Fort Clay; he built it because the cold weather forbade him to go any farther. Near this house, through the cotton-wood trees on the left bank, we see in the far distance the blue shades of the rocky mountain otherwise called by the Indians Wolf Mountain on account of the large number of these animals who flock there. This supposes in the environs deer and [buffalo]cows in quantity for these gentlemen [i. e. wolves] ordinarily keep themselves on the trail of good and great company.

The attention of the passengers is fixed with the deepest interest on the slope of the neighboring hill. What do they see? A cow and her calf pursued to death by a band of wolves. The barge stops quickly to deliver them, the hunter lands, the captain follows him and I do the same to be a witness of a good deed. In order not to be discovered we go around the hill behind which the fight is taking place. Without being seen, we watch this desperate fight, which shows cruelty and hunger at grips with courage upheld by maternal love. The guns roar, the deadly lead strikes, the assassins take flight and their victim, worthy of a better fate, falls a few steps away from its little one. Poor little one! Though wounded near the heart, you are still on your feet; but you no longer have a mother. What will be done? Let the hunter act. He has delivered the mother; he will deliver the little one. How admirable the hunter's tenderness!

On these cooler shores are flowers, the most beautiful I have seen since our departure. A blue one, shaded with pink and star-shaped, arranges its clusters around a pyramidal stem, whose nodes are adorned at regular intervals with two leaves which gradually diminish in size. The other one is like the lupine but simpler and of a prettier yellow color, with pale green leaves growing three by three as those of clover. In honor of the feast of the day, I called the first one *Auxillienne* [Helper] and the second one *Mariana* or "spring flower" of the Blackfeet, for I had already seen it in the neighborhood of Fort Lewis immediately after the close of

winter. A little below looms up "dry point" (*la pointe seche*), thus called on account of the whitened trunks which cover the ground, some still up, others falling over; many are already down or are kept up only by other ruins. . . .

May 26. We are in sight of the round-shaped butte situated between the fort of the Blackfeet and that of the Assiniboines. It is distinguished from the others by its elevated position, by reason of which it commands them all, and by its round form flattened at the top. A big tree set on its left gives it the appearance of a feathered hat.

Close to the barge we see trees cut down, branches stripped of their bark, pieces of wood arranged in piles, and finally an animal which shows four very white teeth, a very low flat tail and paws resembling hands. All this indicates that we are in the region of the beaver. Everybody knows the industry, cleanliness, and gentle habits of this animal so helpful to trade. I shall speak of it only to say that its domain had seemed doomed to disappear soon from the face of the earth. But now, due to the fact that the hat manufacturer uses silk instead of [beaver] fur, it has begun to reproduce itself, and however short-lived be the tranquillity which it enjoys at present in these parts, especially in the neighborhood of the Yellowstone, it is to be hoped that it will recover its empire. This is a hope so much the more founded that the females bear several young ones at the same time, and the land-and-water cabins which shelter them defend them against the fury of the carnivorous animals.

On the top of the bluff the children of the barge pursue, come up to and fondle a live fawn, which they would like to have as their fellow-citizen; but as it is without its mother's milk, we conclude that it can not live and that its suffering must be ended; at once the knife does its work. Presently there is a sadder and a greater spectacle. These are not children, these are the great powerful lords of the desert which have to undergo the rolling fire of all the barges. What will become of them? As they are placed between the fire and the inaccessible ramparts of the river they can escape death only by perilous paths. One of them struck in the heart goes adrift on the river; another seeking to escape gets tangled in a heap of



branches; the bravest throw themselves in the river and in spite of the volleying reach the other shore; the strongest scale the high embankment close by; finally, what is not mortally wounded of the herd disappears, leaving the honors of victory to civilization.

May 27. Wind, fog, and rain. This mourning of Nature has been interrupted during the night only by dismal concerts, for everywhere there are creatures which take delight only in the misfortune of others. Here it is the wolves. So it is a treat for the children of the barge when some wolf receives a gun shot, which happens to the animals more often than they desire, thanks to the antipathy and skill of my little interpreter. The mere thought of their gluttony gives one an aversion for their meat. Providence looks down on this aversion with pleasure and so covers our table with such a great quantity of brills that there is enough to satisfy everybody.

May 28. We salute the Milk river, which owes its name to the whiteness of the water that it pours into the Missouri. Proud of a tribute as rich as it is beautiful, for it is the biggest received above the Yellowstone, the river widens, and as the neighboring mountains lower in the same proportion, the whole picture gains something in the way of majesty. In the evening, a [Ms?] that is to say, a white-headed eagle brought down by our hunter and presented by Mr. Colberson seeks the honor of being painted. The king of the air is represented where he received the mortal blow, that is to say, under the walls of its palace.

May 29. An eagle's nest to which a happier souvenir is attached. At the foot of the tree where it is built little Josette, the oldest daughter of our pilot, was born eight years ago. Many rows of trees, which seem to have been planted by a skillful gardener, so well arranged are they, adorn the surroundings of this cradle and contribute further to its appearance. But all that beauty is surpassed by the piety, candor, and other happy traits of the child who was born there. While they were not on the water, she and her little sister Mary have not let a day of the month of Mary pass without coming to deposit at the feet of the Blessed Virgin some small wreath which they had made themselves; each one of these wreaths had

been deserved by a good deed and each grain had cost them a prayer. These same children have been the first to decorate with flowers the Cross which rises aloft today on the land of the Blackfeet.

More ruins. This is all left of a fort which a dozen whites had been obliged to build to defend themselves against the Assiniboines. These whites were the remnant of the opposition [company] of 1844. When that company retired, these men stayed behind to taste a bit of wild life. But whether they could not adapt themselves to such a life, not having been born in its bosom, or did not wish to recognize any authority other than their own, they disagreed and dispersed as they had assembled with the exception of a Canadian called Dupuis, who was killed by the Assiniboines, a death all the more deplorable that his morals were not correct. His death, however, had the good result of bringing about the baptism of the child which he had had by a squaw. This child was taken into the fort by a Mexican and was there at the time of our visit. Two months later he died before reaching the age of reason, and his remains were placed in holy ground in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

May 29. A serious accident nearly befell our flotilla. The wind blowing stronger than usual caused one of the barges to strike against the trunk of a tree, which cut into the two sides [of the barge]. But the damage was soon repaired by a party of rowers who by industrious effort loaded onto another barge the three hundred and sixty packages of robes before water could reach them. "Out of a hundred other barges damaged as badly as this one," the pilot said, "none would have been saved." This happened almost at the same place where fifteen years before the virtualing barge had disappeared under the waves. The cargo lost was valued at ten thousand dollars; but this was not the greatest loss. The accident happened at night, and as the shore could be seen only by the flashes of lightning and as the storm was driving the barge along at an excessive speed, several who wanted to jump and did jump on shore were wounded, more or less seriously. There was a Canadian called Benoit who was found crushed between the gunwhale of the barge and the riverbank. A child of eight years was drowned in his

bed and a squaw saved her life only by jumping right into the water. Michel Champagne, who was then and still is captain of the barge, was thrown ashore by a blow from the helm; but Heaven protecting the man who did nothing but give good example to his companions, the jump caused him no other harm than to make him see at closer range the sad lot of the others. The news of this disaster was carried to the bourgeois of Fort Union, who was then Mr. Makenzi [McKenzie]. He received it with noble resignation . . . the fate of the poor unfortunate victim was deplored. As for the rest, the bourgeois said only these words: "Don't be discouraged, my people; I still have something here to fit you out with."

Today is the Feast of the Holy Trinity. Thanks be to God and to the good dispositions of the crew, I have been able to say Holy Mass. Time given to God is never lost. In spite of the threat of a contrary wind, the day was almost what one might wish and the evening charming. The sun, about to finish its course and veiled behind a less transparent sheet of air, had exchanged its fires for the color of ruby. Above its disc, the rotundity of which was plainly visible against an azure background, was suspended a group of clouds shaded with purple, blue and violet in the form of drapery while a row of tall trees casting their shade into the river brought out all that beauty in relief.

What is the crew doing in presence of so rich a landscape? While the men, by the rapidity of their strokes, gave to our barges the appearance of so many chariots competing for a racing-prize, their wives, who were gathered on the platform of the craft, the children [being the while] under the pilot's eyes, were praying and singing hymns in honor of the Queen of Angels. Never had this desert land heard such hymns. What missionary would not be touched especially on hearing the repetition of this refrain: "*How happy is one under His reign, what charms the pure of heart there find, everyone feels and breathes in love, innocence and peace.*"

May 31. The end of Mary's month and with it the end of my navigation in a barge and *en famille*; at last, so we thought,

for to arrive in port we had only a few more miles to make. But a more than ordinary wind having started up, we had to think of making haste, which gave me occasion to observe how a skillful pilot goes about it to overcome the greatest difficulties of his art, which are to be found in struggling victoriously against perils with a tired-out crew. How did he go about it? Always the first at duty, he [Michel Champagne] gave to the others an example of patience and courage, and as he was equipped with stature, strength and address quite beyond the ordinary, everything contributed to give the rowers an esteem for his person. But what won him together with esteem the hearts of all was the circumstance that he knew how to mingle execution and orders with the gentleness of appeal. Music alone would render all the tones he could employ for his purpose. Here are some of his expressions *recto tono*: "Forward, my dandies! Let us make that point! Courage now! Courage now! Do you see that snag? Don't get stuck on it! Look out for the branches! Make for land! Fine, my good fellows! Here we are on land! It's all over tomorrow! Good appetite now!"

A mariner never lacks good appetite and so they sup in high spirits. This over, pipes are lit and there is chatting—about what? About the rest which the morrow will bring with it, about the discharge of cannon and the reception that will be given them. The next day [June 1] a magnificent sun. Its radiant globe stands up under our eyes. Two swans, white as snow, pass tranquilly on our right. A slight contrary wind is blowing but not enough to prevent the barge from going ahead or the cannon from being heard, for scarcely had the first stroke of our oars hit the air than the fort's [Union] flag is run up. Presently the cannon are replying, the walls are sighted, the fort's entire personnel draws near, the barges stop, salutes are given, greetings exchanged. Finally, comes handshaking and every token of friendship and sign of joy and the whole affair winds up with a banquet which gives pleasure at once to those who give it and those who partake. "*For amid the repast the prodigal guests fill up their glasses with well-sugared coffee as though it were good wine and so banish fatigue.*"



## BOOK SHELF

Continued from page 240

Commentators on Mexico are legion. It has been observed that every one who has spent ten days in Mexico feels the urge to produce an article; one who has stayed there two months usually brings forth a book; but one who lives there year after year writes, at last, nothing. This is the land of paradox, chaos, and self-frustration; to bring it all to the lucidity of print seems almost impossible. Perhaps with safety one may say that the most delightful of all travel books still remains, after a quarter century, Charles Macomb Flandrau's *Viva Mexico*, and the ablest book of facts Ernest Gruening's *Mexico and Its Heritage*.

Huxley's book is chiefly about Central America and the Mayan civilization in Mexico, written with the fluency and sometimes the malice which one has come to expect of him. Rather too frequently he uses his travel notebook merely as a point of departure for discourses which seem to have been left over from *Point Counter Point* and *Brave New World*. Characteristically he is puzzled by one phase of Mayan art—its total disregard of sex-appeal in its intense preoccupation with death, in the manner of English poets of the 'Graveyard School' like Young, Blair, and Gray, who, as Mr. Huxley remarks, "were instrumental in making the grave as popular, during a number of years, as the bed." Neither detailed nor deep, this book is high-grade journalism, and of special interest because, behind the author, looms the shade of his late friend D. H. Lawrence, who discovered (long before the Dartmouth frescoes) that Quetzalcoatl is one of the great legends of world mythology.

Miss Ferguson, an authority on Indian dances and tribal ceremonies in the Southwest, here extends her field to include Mexico as well. With knowledge which is neither dull nor bookish, she traces the history of local fiestas—showing how they represent a blend of ancient pre-Conquest rites with later Christian coloring. Wherever such observances are left to their own devices, without interference from modernity or the control of the Church, they usually lapse deeper and deeper into the atavism of a remote pagan past.

**Sixth Annual Writers' Conference**, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado. July 22 to August 9. A training school for beginning writers, a conference for professional writers and editors. Bulletin on request.

**State University of Montana**, at Missoula, Summer Session, beginning June 10, 1935. Six weeks' term ends July 19; nine weeks' term ends August 9. Instruction in all branches. Write J. B. Speer, Registrar, for further information.

Miss Squier's *Gringa* (feminine of 'gringo,' a Yankee, supposedly from the popular song of the Mexican War, "Green grow the rushes O!") is perhaps more attractive to the average reader than the other two books. In a leisured style, which makes a virtue of digression, she sets down a variety of impressions about Mexico, traveler's anecdotes, local myths and traditions, and supplements her work with two dozen excellent photographs by her husband, John Bransby. She is not too seriously occupied in plumbing to their depths political and social conditions; her folklore is the sort which bears retelling (as indeed she has done) in *Good House-keeping*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and other magazines whose readers know nothing of *The Golden Bough*; and her humor is the kindly, pleasant sort which one would expect from such a visitor. Certainly if the reader wants to know the etiquette of Mexican courtship or a good recipe for *huevos rancheros* he had better go to Miss Squier rather than to Mr. Aldous Huxley.

None of these books are dull; in fact, whether one be an amateur or professional, Cook's tourist or anthropologist, it seems next to impossible for him to write tediously about Mexico. And that, perhaps, is one of the most astonishing virtues of this enchanting country. One feels that, in all probability, it will even assimilate the World Congress of Rotary International next June.

Boulder, Colorado

Dixon Wecter

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O. Henry Memorial Award: Prize Stories of 1934. Harry Hansen, Editor. Doubleday, Doran. 1934. \$2.50.

Best Short Stories, 1934. E. J. O'Brien, Ed. Houghton, Mifflin. \$2.50.

The value of these two perennials as critical selections of "best" has never more been dubious than at present. The past thirty months mark the debacle of the generalization; and pseudo-spiritual criteria which seemed substantial so long as American-Magazine economics paid paper dividends have, too, collapsed. In contemporary journalism only the proletarian magazines have an affirmative credo. Until such time as people shall have the guarantee or at least the opportunity of economic security, or *faute de mieux* a fascist slavery shall be established, honest John Public cannot afford the unction of firm judgments; with inevitable sensitivity the auctorial and critical attitudes are of a hopeful catholicity not easily distinguished from confusion. So William Faulkner is represented in the Hansen volume by his *Harper's* story "Wash," a relentlessly intense presentation of that moment, here both a reality and an allegory, when the irresponsible aristocracy of the South, confronted by "white trash," to its dismay discovered man—inevitably, as Judge Suzanne LaFollette says, the best story in the collection; and represented in the O'Brien anthology by a piece of mawkish mildew about an old clothes-horse who went to heaven and found the promise of peace in his grave beside his dead son. So, throughout both collections, the diverse characteristics of sadism and maudlinity rub elbows. So the carefully written story and deliberately bare observation are alternate. And, curiously, the preconceptions which have in the past made the O'Brien and the O. Henry selections widely variant have very nearly disappeared. Common recognition of the non-commercial literary magazine, of the merit of stories of perhaps trivial plot but of sharp character-delineation, of the value of thinking that chances vulgarity rather than be dishonest, contribute toward making each of these anthologies entertaining and interesting.

Among *Frontier and Midland* authors represented are Benjamin Appel (who appears in both collections), Marquis Childs (whose "The Woman on the Shore," from *Story*, in the O'Brien volume, this reviewer esteems greatly), Howard McKinley Corning, William Saroyan, Vardis Fisher, William March, and Upton Terrell—whose story in the present number of this magazine seems an inevitable choice for a "best" or "prize" story of 1935. Each anthology offers, besides its complement of fiction, the special features which have made it a valuable auxiliary to the writing or the teaching of the short story.

E. D. B.



**The Story of the American Indian.** Paul Radin. Liveright, N. Y. 1934. \$2.50.

**The Path on the Rainbow.** George W. Cronyn, Editor. Liveright, N. Y. 1918, New Edition, 1934. \$2.50.

Neither a textbook of ethnology nor an overly romantic tale of vanished American splendor, Radin's book moves quickly from scene to scene, telling its story incisively and drawing its general conclusions from specific pictures. Radin says in his preface: "It is avowedly an interpretation and not a mere narration of facts." The thesis that most of the elements of high culture in the New World diffused directly or indirectly from Mexico or from Peru is developed consistently. This is no new doctrine. All anthropologists, however, do not agree that the influence of Mexico is either as direct or as decisive as Radin makes it.

But for the general reader interested in an accurate and non-technical account of the Indian, here is a book which tells, often vividly, a fairly complete story, from a "first census" of the New World to the coming of the white man, the "specialist in extermination." The sequence begins with the great cities of the Maya—temples, pyramids, palaces, civic centers—rising from the jungle of Yucatan like beautiful but impossible dreams. These cities were built by a people so far advanced that they could calculate, by an elaborate mathematical system, numbers as great as 1,280,000,000; a people who were creating great art and architecture and who were living a life of splendid ritual and ceremony—at the same time that the people of northern Europe still shivered in barbarism.

South to Peru, where the Children of the Sun made bronze and silky textiles and elaborately experimented with government; north to the Ohio valley, where the Mound Builders grew their maize and carried on, in attenuated form, the art and graceful life of the South; west to the pueblos, where ritualism flourished and corn grew from the desert; out onto the Plains, with formerly settled tribes getting horses and going wild with buffalo hunting and war; northwest to the Pacific, where the totem-pole people worshipped wealth; south to California "where the light never penetrated"—so moves the story, exciting, vivid, dramatic, packed with the facts which make men turn anthropologist and which fill the museums with curious seekers into the past.

Interesting as the first collection of songs from the different American culture areas, the new edition of *The Path on the Rainbow* will appeal as a curious attempt to interpret primitive life in primitive song.

The songs and chants of the Indians are inextricably woven into their pattern of life, into dance and war, magic and religion, group activity and highly personalized ex-

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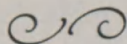
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perience. It is almost impossible, consequently, to evaluate an anthology of Indian songs as isolated esthetic expression. Even with the explanatory notes which Mr. Cronyn and others have added, the reader who has little ethnological knowledge will find great difficulty in understanding or appreciating most of these songs.

A few of them, such as the famous Navajo *Prayer*—"It is finished in beauty"—which La Farge used almost as the theme of *Laughing Boy*, are intrinsically beautiful. The longest and best explained sequence in the book is *The Hako: a Pawnee Ceremony*, interpreted by Alice Fletcher with Indian notes on each of the rituals.  
*Butte, Mont.* Melville Sayre

From Canoe to Steel Barge on the Upper Mississippi. Mildred L. Hart-sough. University of Minnesota Press. 1934. \$3.50.

This book attempts to trace the history of navigation and trade on the upper Mississippi and its tributaries, from the coming of the white man to the present day. The first chapter describes the discoveries and explorations of the river. DeVaca, Alvarez, DeNarvaez, and Coronado flit by, and then DeSota's "resplendent expedition" brings the stream into definite view. The references to the discoveries of Nicolet and Radisson and Grosseliers on the upper river are vague, but after them Marquette, Jolliet, DeLuth, and LaSalle are real. Then come the early traders Perrot and LeSueur, and the growth of French posts. The first chapter ends with brief accounts of Carver, Pike, Long, and Schoolcraft.

The chapter on Pre-Steamboat Days contains interesting descriptions of pirogues, Mackinaw boats, keelboats, and other types of river craft. It describes boatmen and boat bandits and gives a colorful description of Mike Fink.

The eight chapters on the steamboat period are the most valuable. The writer shows how steamboats led to the development of this region, first in carrying furs, then in leading to the development of lumbering, mining, and agriculture. With the steamboats river towns became centers of business. Charm is added to the narrative by vivid accounts of life on the boats and along the river. The glory of the steamboats was dimmed by the coming of the railroads and commerce gradually changed its direction from south to east.

The last three chapters are devoted to arguments for the advantages of river transportation in furnishing low rates for heavy goods, and to accounts of legislative and business efforts to revive the river traffic.

The book is of value to those interested in the history or economic development of the upper Mississippi region. It is clearly written but varies in style. The author has used a great variety of material, some of it of



real importance. Its authority is somewhat weakened by a decided bias in favor of river transportation. The illustrations are good and the mechanics of the book preserve the high quality of the University of Minnesota Press.

*P. C. Phillips*

Boise, The Peace Valley. Annie Laurie Bird. The Caxton Printers. 1934. \$2.50.

Historic Spots in California; Valley and Sierra Counties. H. E. and E. G. Rensch, and Mildred Brooke Hoover. Stanford University Press. 1933. \$3.75.

A popular, descriptive and narrative history, not concerned with the broad historical issues, causes, and effects, is Annie Laurie Bird's history of the Boise Valley. After a brief chapter entitled "Boise in Pre-historic Times" the coming of the white man is taken up and then his activities through the frontier period, the gold rush, and the subsequent development of the early settlements into communities as we know them today. The account of this latter development is a mere presentation of fact without a thesis or an implication of one, and, comprising more than half of the book, it is dull to read for any but the residents of the communities whose development is described, or a special student of these facts, as the period was characterized by very few events of outstanding general interest. One will find unscholarly Miss Bird's failure to discount the local prejudices in interpreting her material from newspaper accounts, and to distinguish significant material from casual detail. Time and again she indulges in a lengthy rhetorical flourish about some person or fact without making clear their significance and place in history. All this coupled with an incoherent, non-sequential organization of material tends to make the reading of her book tedious and at times exasperating.

Miss Bird's preparation in acquainting herself with the history of the Valley has been prodigious. Her search has been exhaustive, embracing apparently all available historical sources, mostly primary, including much first-hand information obtained from personal interviews. To her is due much credit for this painstaking, loving effort, and for the compilation of a great deal of valuable material. It is all the more regrettable, therefore, that her book is sophomoric, poorly organized, and badly written.

*Historic Spots in California* is likewise a descriptive, popular work, but it is much more mature and commendable than is Miss Bird's history. Based essentially on secondary sources it presents a well-balanced, unbiased picture of the history of different localities in California; the salient incidents, periods, people and historic spots are given

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space and emphasis proportionate to their historical importance and interest.

This volume is the second of a set of three to appear. It is in a form that serves most conveniently as a guide book to tourists: the counties are arranged alphabetically, and their history is presented by successively taking up smaller geographical units of which they are composed, such as gold districts, scenic spots, cities, ranchos, and the like. Occasionally an account of an incident or of a person prominent in the history of the county is given a special section. Besides its more obvious merits, the work should prove valuable in directing attention to the existing historical monuments and to the need for preservation and marking of many others, now not adequately protected. Professor Robert Glass Cleland of Occidental College contributes a short and informative introduction which is helpful in acquainting oneself with the history of California taken as a whole.

Oakland, California      Plato Malozemoff

**Sources of Culture in the Middle West.** Dixon Ryan Fox, Editor. Appleton-Century, N. Y. 1935. \$1.25.

The "Turner hypothesis" that the transitional frontier and its repercussions upon the older sections is the central theme of American history, first expounded over forty years ago, has long since acquired quasi-Aristotelian authority. Benjamin F. Wright, author of the first of three papers which are the bulk of this book, applies a tonic lance to the hypothesis, citing evidence that the political ideas and constitutional schemes of frontier communities were generally transplantations from the East. Two professors from Middle Western universities offer partitive refutations of the Wright attack; writ-

ers and readers have an interesting session but of equivocal gain. Of greater profit should be a forthcoming book in this, the Appleton-Century Historical Essays, series: "Civilization in a Knapsack," by the editor of the present symposium, in which Mr. Fox recurs to the fascinating if porous theme of the transmission of culture-characteristics to the primitive West.

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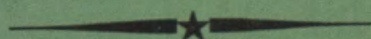


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